

Sports Illustrated

MAY 22, 1961

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DYKNER CHUCK hooded knit and commander's jacket. Shown with yellow zip trunks. Jacket knit of lined 100% cotton. Trunks of cotton with rubber added for perfect fit. Black, olive or gold with white. Cardigan \$7.95. Trunks \$4.95.

SHOPWALK

Gold-striped pants, lime sweat shirts, and face masks that wrap around like windshields—all are found in this guide to beach garments and gadgets

The beaches along the eastern seaboard will be open for the season on the Memorial Day weekend, and the shops are ready to meet just about any need a beachgoer might have.

The No. 1 item for men this summer

is natural straw combined with leather—and resembles those popular slip-ons from Capri. Whitehouse & Hardy carries them in New York City, for \$11.

Another no-nonsense man's beach shirt is copied from the tennis sweater—but in absorbent stretch terry cloth. It comes in white with navy piping at the V neck, in white with red and gold with red. It's available at Mark, Fore and Strike, Florham Park, New Jersey, for \$5.

Still another man's beach pullover—the pullover is obviously the thing—is a sweat shirt made of lustrous cotton velour, by foot, in gold, blue, black, white and beige. One we like particularly has a zipper closing and a collar. It's \$9, at De Pina.

Galleria, 143 East 54th Street, New York City, has men's cotton shorts cut just like basketball trunks. They come in white with orange stripes down the side and around the legs, in blue with gold, and red with gold, have a half belt and metal buckle and cost \$7.

A very practical garment for those who swim after the sun goes down and later need a warmer in a gym suit from Allen Taylor's Sport Shop, consisting of a hooded sweat-shirt top, sweat pants bottom. Men's sizes come in gray only; boys' in navy and gray. The cost is \$2.75 for the shirt, \$3 for the trousers.

A valuable piece of equipment for youngsters is a good old-fashioned, puncture-proof kapok-filled life vest.

is the sweat shirt, as a pullover for after-swim and after-sundown wear. A rich variety of colors and cuts is available. Activeair, for example, is making them in citrus greens and oranges, as well as blue and navy, and the ribbed knit at neck, sleeve and waistband is sturdy and lasting. The girls are buying them as fast as the boys are—from George Stinchfield's, in Edgartown and Nantucket, and Whitehouse & Hardy, New York City, \$6.

While the ladies are having their fashionable fling with beach dresses this season (see SPORTING LOOK) the men can indulge a taste for color with beach pants like those shown here: bold orange (this summer's hot color), green, red and golden vertical-striped cotton hopsacking, cut with trim legs, self-fabric waistband, slash pockets. They are made by S.L.R. and cost \$15 at Bonobos's, New York City. They should be worn without cuffs or socks.

A new men's beach shoe, called Jags,



Nervous parents can relax when the kids are wearing these. The best vests have adjustable straps and are free enough in fit not to annoy or encumber the most active child. Most important of all, they will turn the child head-up, no matter how he goes in the water. The one illustrated is \$3.50 at F.A.O. Schwarz. There's nothing encumbering about the elasticized bikini either. It's of nylon knit, in tots' sizes, in red-and-white check, for \$3.95, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

The child here is playing with one of the most fascinating of this year's beach toys—a set of French-made plastic molds which form elaborate conical castles in the sand. The set with four molds and digging gear is \$7 at F.A.O. Schwarz.

And now to the ladies. One of the prettiest outfits for the beach this season is the overblouse and short shorts shown above. They're made by fabric-and-color specialist Jack Leror Linsen and are available at his new Fifth Avenue boutique (677 Fifth), which he calls J L. Arbiter. The top is cotton velvet, printed in stripes of mauve, orange, red and pink and completely lined in shocking-pink Siamese silk. It costs \$49. The

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SHOPWALK continued

shorts, made of the same silk, are \$22.90.

The beach carry-all here is more down to earth. It's actually a yachtswoman's bag of natural canvas, but handy for beach gear. It's \$5 at the Crow's Nest.

The unbleached look, which sets off any woman's tan, is at Peck & Peck. Neat pants and a shirt are of cotton hop-slack (\$13 for the pants, \$7 for the three-quarter-sleeved shirt); and a Donegal fisherman hand-knit pullover sweater has a boat neck. It's \$20.

Jax on 57th Street have trimly tailored faded-blue denim pants made in two layers of fabric. They are beltless and pocketless—and they fit beautifully if you're as trim as the Jax salesgirls, who wear slacks as a uniform. Robert Leader at 146 East 54th Street has a man-tailored denim shirt with button-down collar, three-quarter length sleeves and vented sides. It is \$6.

And speaking of trimness, anyone who thinks of a skin-diver's suit as being a man-from-Mars uniform, should see White Stag's new leotard-like women's insulated swimsuit. It is designed for the early or late season swimmer, is made of 3/16-inch-thick neoprene, and fits over a conventional swimsuit. It is cut like a tank suit. The colors are black, aqua, red or yellow, and the price is \$20 at Abercrombie & Fitch.

For fun and games

Beach clothes aren't the only excitement for the beach—far from it. The best idea of a season full of good times is the pair of pontoonlike shoes shown here. They're 5 feet 6 inches long, made of buoyant, molded fiber glass and urethane foam, and actually are made for walking on water. Water Shoes, Inc. of Buffalo, N.Y. makes them for \$40 a pair. They will support up to 350 pounds. They can be used for a sort of water skiing behind a motor as small as five hp. Sportier types can race with them, by holding a hand sail or kite. You can also joust, play water polo, or wait on them. At Macy's there's a surf version of another sand favorite—honeshoes. Oversize plastic shoes and a floating stake, called Water Honeshoes, cost \$8. This game weighs less than three pounds and can be stored in the trunk of a car.

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7/8"	450 ft.	17,500 lbs.
1"	600 ft.	25,500 lbs.



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fins, ranging in size from 18 inches (\$1.29) to five feet long (\$8.49). And the Kestral Corporation of Springfield, Mass. has a 6-foot 3-inch molded plastic-foam surfboard with dual fins for \$18.

Kestral also has an Aqua Chair as comfortable in or out of the water as the living room sofa. It's \$7 at stores everywhere. For the same price, Kestral also makes a 65-inch-by-23-inch See-8-Low mattress, complete with low ropes and transparent viewing window for exploring the deep blue. For those who prefer



floating above the water instead of in it, there's an inflatable double-ended dory, the Sarcof, at Kayak Corporation, New York City, which can be made seaworthy in four minutes. It is equipped with two paddles, back rest, wooden flooring and costs \$125. A rig for sailing is \$10 extra.

Children's inflatable rafts and toys are particularly appealing this year and come in every color and shape that a child could want. There are miniature canoes and sports cars (Kestral, \$1.50-\$2); seals with flapping flippers and colored jet racers (Doughboy, \$2-\$2.50); a Snake Snake which can be coiled and uncoiled around shoulders, arms, hips and waist (Alvamar, \$2); and an Ally-Gator that spouts water when his head is squeezed and will support up to 125 pounds (Remco, \$3.98). There are off-center-balanced beach balls with sand pockets which zigzag (somewhat like a bean bag) when thrown (Kestral, 70¢) and giant plastic clowns which can be ridden, punched or pumped (Doughboy, \$4). All of these will be found at beachside shops, hardware stores and drugstores. Lectro-Flate (Abercrombie & Fitch, \$99.95) inflates all these things in seconds when plugged into the cigarette lighter of the family car. Monroe

continued

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Fabricators in Chicago make a vinyl air mattress called a Pump-N-Mat that doubles as a beach float. It features a step-on built-in air pump not affected by water. Macy's carries it for \$4.95.

Volleyball, long a favorite beach sport, shifts from sand to surf this season. The Argo Floating Volley Ball set (Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10.95) has a net supported by polystyrene postcoons. For water skiers there is a ski-to-boat communications system. It is called the Air-guide Ski Talkie, and Abercrombie & Fitch sells it for \$65. There is a 75-foot-long rope, which carries the wire to the boat, and handles for the skier on which is installed the water-sealed two-way mike which operates on batteries. Another water gadget is the Paddle-Pal by Cell-Foam, Fort Worth, a polystyrene ball with twin paddles in junior and senior sizes (\$6 and \$10). It can be used as a float, swimming aid and a handy means of moving about in the water. Abercrombie & Fitch have it.

And now for underwater adventures. Although oval and round face masks are still preferred by the majority of skin-divers, there are a number of new devices to aid underwater vision now on the market. The U.S. Divers Company has introduced the Aqua-Lung Professional Dive Mask, with a U-shaped wrap-around tempered-glass lens. Using the



principle of the modern automobile windshield, this mask provides greater peripheral vision with its slanted lens. Recessioners in the lower flange of the mask permit pinching nostrils for pressure equalization and relief. The mask sells for \$11.95. For the diver who wears eyeglasses, Aquavision, 231 N. Fourth Street, Cosar d'Alene, Idaho, will make to order a prescription-ground face plate



to fit most masks. The diver sends his specifications to Aquavision, which incorporates them into a new face plate for \$39.50. Prescription lenses, hardened to withstand pressures, are also available for the diver. Boltz Opticians, 15 East 40th St., New York City, will fit lenses (cost averages \$10 to \$15, slightly higher for complicated prescriptions) in a \$2.95 plastic adapter unit that goes inside the Squala mask.

For the occasional skin-diver, there are economical plastic prescription lens holders which can be temporarily installed in a mask. Healthways makes one which attaches to the inside of the face plate with a suction cup. It costs \$3.95.

For the badge-minded sport diver, there are inexpensive but reliable single hose, two-stage regulators for compressed air tanks. They are equipped with fittings for pressure gauges and swivel connections on the mouthpieces to prevent hose kinking. Nemrod by Seamless has the Snorkel II, featuring a tilt valve operated at an angle off the diaphragm and a button to clear water from the mouthpiece. It sells for \$32.90. U.S. Divers Company makes the Aqua-Div Regulator for \$35, and Healthways has the Seabair, with "exhaust pipes" on either side of the mouthpiece to prevent air bubbles from obstructing vision, for \$42.50.

The majority of swim fins with full footpocket, raised ridges along the sides for strength and a flat, broad planing surface, are acceptable for both the neophyte and the expert diver. One innovation found, unfortunately, on only a few, full foot fin is a tiny air slot in the heel to prevent waves from sucking the fin off the foot. Healthways has a universal strap, the "Five-Palmes," which holds closed-heel fins to the foot at the instep, arch and heel. Made of seamless rubber, it comes in two sizes, costs \$1.75 a pair and should prove invaluable to divers.



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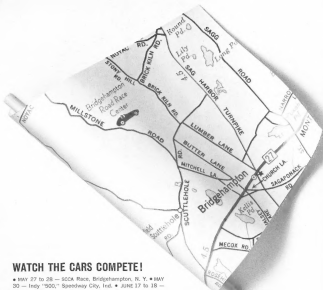
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SCORECARD

SHAMEFUL OMISSION

The opinion was expressed here recently (SI, May 8) that all college presidents must share the blame for the recently exposed corruption in college basketball. Most of our readers appear to agree strongly with that view; a few, though, do not understand how we can pin culpability to respected academic leaders of known integrity.

All too many universities have a double standard of education—one for their nonathletic students, another (often desirable) for the athletes who bring in the game receipts. Here the responsibility of college administrators is obvious: they are inviting the further corruption of kids whose values already have been perverted in the process of forceful and brazen recruiting.

Not all universities that recruit athletes vigorously also practice the double standard, but all of them embrace a system of dubious morality. The best comment on this facet of an admittedly complex issue came to us recently from Jack Keady, sports editor of the *Arkansas Democrat*, who quotes Glen Rose, basketball coach of the University of Arkansas, as follows: "If you buy a player in your recruiting, then someone else can buy him after he is recruited."

Finally, there is the sin of omission. Surely not all colleges are guilty of flagrant recruiting or cynical adoption of double academic standards. But who denounces these evils? And who rejects the world-weary, poisonous excuse that permit-state corruption on the campus is only a pale reflection of a society which wouldn't know how to operate without an angle? Certainly not the National Collegiate Athletic Association, with which more than 300 universities and colleges in the country are affiliated and which to date has seemed to be principally concerned with "playing down" the scandal.

At the very least, the revelations of dishonesty in college basketball ought to have already stimulated a searching re-examination of values and methods by our educational leaders. *i.e.*, college

presidents. But what voice on what campus is now raised?

The answer to date: none.

BUBBLE TROUBLE

Jimmy Fiersall, Bubba Phillips, Woodie Held and Barry Latman of the Cleveland Indians recently gathered around Johnny Temple, seeking advice. Temple is regarded as a dressing room lawyer, an inspirational leader, an educated man. Unlike some ballplayers, Temple has an outside interest (he refinishes furniture). The problem that the four brought to Temple was not how the Indians could win their first pennant in seven years or how they could stop Mickey Vernon. It was more serious than that: which to endorse? Fleer's bubble gum? Or Topps?

FIGHTING WORDS

Heavyweight Sonny Liston last week got himself a new manager, a chap named George Katz, to replace old Manager Pop Barney, who many believe was held on puppet strings by nefarious characters. After a press conference to announce the new manager's arrival, Liston was asked about his chances of getting a fight with Champion Floyd Patterson. The interview went like this:

Q. How will the fight go off, when and if?

A. If I say I'll beat him, I'm bragging. And if I say I won't, I'm lying, so I don't know what to say.

Q. How do you compare yourself to Patterson?

A. Everyone seems to think I'm a little slower than he are. I think I'm a little faster than he are. It's more important to be faster with the hands than with the feet.

Q. What do you know about Patterson from seeing his fights?

A. I know one thing. Everybody hits him knocks him down. I don't think he'll get up if I ever hit him.

Q. You mean he'll will just looking at you?

A. I know he won't wait 'cause I ain't even sure he'll get in the ring with me to look at me.

Q. How far will the fight go?

A. If it goes five rounds they can stop the fight and give it to him.

Q. Anything else?

A. Why don't they investigate Patterson? If I fought an amateur like Rade-macher I could hurt him. I could cause death to him. I could hit him with a punch and he'd get bloody and after a round or so I'd quit. See, all the brains me is a sort of cup and after you get hit a few times it shakes them out of that cup. When they give you swelling sacks it push them back into the cup. It's when the brains get shook up and run together that you get punch drunk.

Round one to Liston.

AND SO TO BED

In London recently a reporter asked Donald Campbell, the holder of the world's water-speed record, how he felt about the challenge announced by Robert Beverley Evans (SI, May 15), the donor of Campbell's trophy.

"Remember Evans telling me he would claim the trophy back one day," Campbell said positively. "But I've no plans



for an attempt on the record this year at all. The future? I really find that awfully difficult to answer. One's useful life is drawing to a close, old chap. The sand in the old hourglass is dribbling away. Good night, old chap. God bless."

THE LONG WHITE LINE

In its constitution The Professional Golfers' Association of America, the ruling body of professional golf in this country, carries a clause barring membership to all but "professional golfers of the Caucasian Race." In hamper language this means "No Negroes allowed." It also means that Negroes, though permitted to play in the various open tournaments that the PGA co-sponsors each week, are barred from sectional PGA cham-

continued

piñerhips, of which there are now 34.

Last year the California attorney general's office, impatient with the PGA's retarded thinking, banned from the state's public courses all racially restricted golf tournaments. In November at the PGA's national convention the southern California delegation sponsored a motion to strike the Caucasian clause from the constitution. Their motion was overwhelmingly defeated. Now the Southern California PGA has had to cancel its 37-year-old sectional championship because of the state attorney general's ruling. Next year's National PGA championship, currently scheduled for the Brentwood Country Club in Los Angeles, is also in jeopardy.

In an attempt to squirm out of an uncomfortably tight spot the National PGA tournament committee has issued an approved-player's card to Negro Professional Charlie Sifford. Though barred, because of his race, from full membership, he may now play in its co-sponsored tournaments. In April he became the first Negro ever to play in a PGA tournament in the South. (He tied for fourth at the Goetzboone Open.) Recently Cliff Roberts, who runs the Masters at Augusta, Ga., was asked what tournament officials would do if Sifford qualified for the Masters. "We'd decide as we do for everybody," said Roberts.

The inference is clear. The PGA is far behind the times if it thinks that racial segregation still has a place in sports. Professional basketball, baseball and football have long permitted Negro athletes to play, and all these sports have thrived in consequence. It's time that the PGA put its rusty stone in order too.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Things have apparently changed between those affectionate rivals, the Kansas City Athletics and the New York Yankees. Charles O. Finley, the A's new owner, recently installed fluorescent lights in both dugouts at Municipal Stadium on the theory patrons like to see what goes on in the dugouts during night games.

Last week when the Yankees showed up in Kansas City for the first time this season they were asked to find the lights lit in their dugout. (It seemed a far cry from a Yankee team of recent years that rather enjoyed the bright lights of Broadway.) One of the Yankees turned the lights out. Finley ordered the park electrician to turn the lights back

on. The Yankees doused them again.

When the A's rallied for four runs in the eighth, Finley ordered the stadium organist to play *Lights Out*. Finley has now locked the switch in the visitors' dugout. "The only way they can turn those lights off is with a ball bat," says Finley. "If they do I'll sue them for \$565, which is what it cost to install them."

A TRIBUTE TO TONY

A lap done in one minute (which works out to a speed of 150 mph) beckons Indianapolis "500" drivers in the same way that track's four-minute mile once challenged runners. Last week one driver felt that the prize was within his grasp. Tony Bettenhausen, 46, had been racing autos for 23 years. He twice had been the national driving champion, he twice had retread from the speedways to work his Illinois soybean farm, and he twice had returned to wheel and track.

Last Wednesday, during a practice lap for this year's "500," he urged his red-trimmed white Offy to a lap speed of 149.2 mph, and believed that the first 150-mph lap would soon be his. "Tony has made up his mind to go 150," said a mechanic. "If you know Tony, you know he'll either do it or wall the car."

On Friday, Bettenhausen volunteered to test a friend's car, which had been performing poorly. As he drove over the red bricks of the homestretch the friend's car hit the low concrete wall between the track and the main grandstand, climbed up onto the wall, sliced into the retaining fence, and then flipped. It was the 28th time that Bettenhausen had been upside down in a racing car—but this time he lay crumpled and dead.

Tony had never been one to make haste slowly. His fellow drivers respected his talent but they worried for him too. He will be remembered as the model of an Indy warrior: scarred, weathered, self-possessed—and sure in the presence of the danger of death.

COLD WAR IN ATHENS

The International Olympic Committee will have an important—although so far little-publicized—meeting in Athens on June 16. The prospect: cold war, to be waged by the Olympic committees of the Soviet Union and its satellites.

The Russians and their associates have two objectives in mind: 1) To increase the number of Olympic events and participants, 2) to transform the self-perpetuating and autocratic International Olympic Committee from an independent body

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KOPPERS PLASTICS



SCORECARD *continued*

into a kind of sporting U.N. General Assembly, reflecting national policies.

Over here the tendency has been to feel that there already are more than enough Olympic events, and that they ought to be restricted, not increased. But our inclination is to agree with the Russians on proposal No. 1. Barring some world catastrophe, the rapid development of international competition in sport is going to be one of the striking phenomena of the next few years. Already this country is involved in more sporting competition than with other countries than would have seemed possible a decade ago.

One suggestion is that to avoid cluttering up the Summer Games a third program be held in the Olympic year—a Spring Olympics. Indoor and team sports—basketball, gymnastics, fencing, soccer, field hockey, wrestling, etc.—would be played off here.

The second Soviet objective is much less laudable. We have often disagreed with Mr. Avery Brundage and his IOC, but one thing we have always admired about them has been their independence. To make them the tools of governments or political blocs would be disastrous.

LOVE THAT LOVER

In the long history of racing in Puerto Rico there never has been a jockey who was received with the sympathetic affection lavished on Pedro Juan Vitales. It was common for Vitales to receive a standing ovation from the bottom after every race he rode at the El Comandante track in San Juan—he was likable, and always trying so hard. Last week he retired at the early age of 28. "I just couldn't make the weight any more," Vitales said wistfully when announcing he was through. But Pedro Juan Vitales' record will live as long as men ride horses. Mounts accepted: 360. Winners: none.

THEY SAID IT

- Tom Saffell, manager of the Jacksonville Jets of the Sally League, when asked if he was planning anything new after his team lost its 18th game in 22 starts: "Yes, I just might cut my throat."
- Ben Hogan, paying tribute to playing partner Kel Nagle, who had just scored a hole in one at the Colonial in Fort Worth: "Good shot."
- Lefty Gomez, recalling his 13 years as a New York Yankee pitcher: "I was never nervous when I had the ball, but when I let it go I was scared to death."

FACES IN THE CROWD



WILLIAM WAGNER, 51, is bicycling 2,095 miles from his home in Morrisville, Tenn., to Las Vegas, Nev., for Optimum International Convention, opening June 15. The record architect averages from 75 to 100 miles per day.



WYETH G. EVERHART, an Air Force lieutenant colonel and 1975 world freestyle champion, shattered 700 of 400 clay targets at Ft. Benning, Ga., to lead six qualifiers who will compete in world championships in Norway.



RUTH JESSEN, 30-year-old, golf pro, registered a 3-hole total of 212 to win \$1,085 and the championship of the Betty Naisch Peach Blossom women's open in Spartanburg, S.C. The triumph was her second in five years as the circuit.



TED NELSON, senior at Andrews (Tenn.) High School, led his team to its fourth straight state track title by winning 229-440-yard dashes and anchoring victorious mile relay. Last week his 46.5 set a national intercollegiate 440 record.



PAUL PETHES, 23, a Hungarian refugee who is in the U. S. Army, won the international modern pentathlon at San Antonio, Texas. He qualified with his three Army teammates for the world championships in Mexico.



ALVIN HORN JR., 1960-born Los Angeles bowler, rolled the first perfect game in the 13-year history of the ABC Masters bowling tournament at Detroit, exceeding by one pin the previous high of 295, which was set by Steve Naps in 1952.

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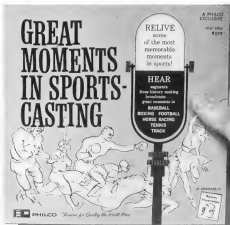


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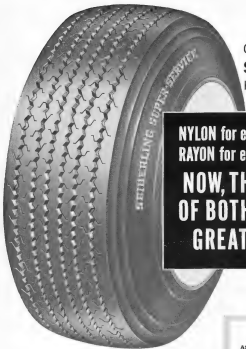
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 *Lincoln*
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COMING EVENTS

May 19 to May 23

All times are E.S.T.

• Color television • Television • Network radio

Friday, May 19

- HORSE RACING**
Black-Lyed Night, \$20,000, Pardon, Mo.
- HORSE SHOW**
Hudson Springs Club show, Madison, Wis.
Hinsdale Mo. 211
- POOD**
Elizabethton rodeo, Las Vegas, Nev. (through May 21)
- SHOOT SHOOTING**
Great Western Open, Chicago (through May 21)
- TRACK & FIELD**
Big Eagle Champs, Boulder, Colo. (also May 20)
Big Ten Champs, Iowa City, Iowa (also May 20)

Saturday, May 20

- BASKETBALL**
• Detroit at Boston, 7 p.m. (NBC)
• New York at Cleveland, 8:30 p.m. (CBS)
- POOD**
• Foxranger vs. Wright, middle, 14 rds., New York, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- POOD**
• John Serrano, Association of America show, Garden City, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
• The Aces, \$10,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (opens National regional TV, 7:42 radio)
• Colonial Handicap, \$10,000, Garden State Park, N.J.
• Los Angeles Handicap, \$10,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.
- The Program**, \$10,000, Pardon, Md. (CBS)
• Schell, Dewey Stakes, \$10,000, Suffolk Downs, Mass.
- HORSE SHOW**
• Foxranger show, Glen Moore, Pa.
• Jimmy River show, Williams, Va. (also May 21)
• Three Oaks Riding Club show, Allentown, Pa. (also May 21)
- PLANT GOLF MEETING**
Real Tree race, Media, Pa.
- RACING**
• Eastern Sports, Winstons, Mass.
• Western Sports, Seattle
- SHOOT SHOOTING**
• Marshfield State and Open Champs., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. (also May 21)
- POOD**
• "Football Association Cup Final," World of Sports, 4:30 p.m. (ABC)
- POOD**
• Los Angeles Invitational meet, Los Angeles, Calif. (also May 21)
- TRACK & FIELD**
• San Bernardino Invitational, San Bernardino, Calif. (also May 20, 21-23)
- TRACK & FIELD**
• Exposition Invitational, Los Angeles

Sunday, May 21

- BASKETBALL**
• Baltimore at New York, 3:30 p.m. (CBS)
• Chicago White Sox at Boston, 3 p.m. (NBC)
- POOD**
• Long Island Kennel Club show, Long Island, N.Y.
- POOD**
• Colby's Golf show, Milton Berle vs. Gene Sordani, 1 p.m. (NBC)
- POOD**
• AAU St. Marthas Championships, Yorkers, N.Y.

Monday, May 22

- HORSE SPORTS**
• Dutch Grand Prix, Zandvoort, The Netherlands

Tuesday, May 23

- BASKETBALL**
• San Francisco at St. Louis

Wednesday, May 24

- BASKETBALL**
• Detroit at New Orleans

Thursday, May 25

- POOD**
• "Football Association Cup Final," World of Sports, 4:30 p.m. (ABC)
- POOD**
• "Championship Soccer," Summer Sports Special, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)

*Not final listing



STYLISH STORAGE

BY
MACGREGOR

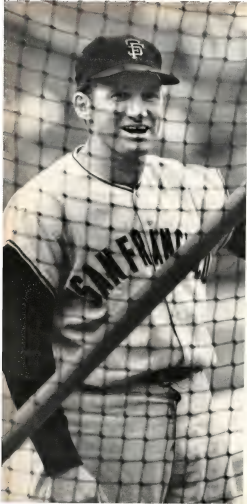
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**Sports
Illustrated**

MAY 22, 1965

THE GIANTS GET HAPPY

Gone are the sullen San Francisco 'loners' of dismal 1960. They have been taught to relax, laugh (and win) by an ebullient manager and a down-to-earth practical joker

by TEX MAULE

If the San Francisco Giants manage to win the National League pennant this year (not a remote possibility), it will be due for the most part to the presence of a testototaling, non-smoking, non-cursing, like-paying clubhouse. It will be due to a lesser degree to a tobacco-chewing gentleman with a penchant for four-letter words, earthy humor and locker-room high jinks.

The testototaler is Alvin Ralph Dark, the Giants rookie manager; the other man is Harvey Kuenn, a spray-hitting third-baseman-outfielder who usually hits over .300. So far this season he has not done so, but he has helped the Giants in other, perhaps more important, ways.

To wit: the other day in the Giant dressing room at Candlestick Park Kuenn sat hunched peacefully on a stool in his dressing stall, his cheek, with its customary load of chewing tobacco, plunged out like a chipmunk's. He was carrying on a desultory conversation with a sportswriter, but his attention was on Willie Mays's dressing stall next to his. When Mays finally came in, Kuenn watched him closely out of the corner of

continued

ONE BULKY PAIR can it up in pepper game as Willie Mays swings his bat at San Jose's unimpressed Giant, inlay. Manager Alvin Dark (opposite) is largely responsible for change.



his eye, Willie looked in surprise at an elaborately wrapped candy box on his stool. A note on the top read: "From an admirer." Willie unwrapped the box, unfolded the paper covering the contents and suddenly broke up in happy, boisterous laughter.

"Who done 'at?" he hollered. "Looky here! Who done 'at?"

He held out the box as most of the Giant players gathered (except for Kuenn, who was laughing helplessly around the chew of tobacco). The box contained neatly wrapped spheres of horse manure, and the Giant players whooped with glee. "You done it," Willie said to Kuenn. "Ah know you done it." Then he chuckled and began dousing. Most ballplayers find this kind of humor irresistible, and Harvey Kuenn is a droll purveyor of it. His great contribution to the Giants has been to entertain them, and thus relax them, and thus, finally, to help unite them.

For several reasons Kuenn's effusive treatment could not have been applied last year, when the Giants were a disgruntled, unhappy baseball team. First, Kuenn was not with the club, and if he had been his locker would not have been next to Willie's. The first thing Dark, a southerner from Louisiana, did when he took over as manager was to rearrange the dressing cubicles. All of the Negroes on the team had dressed in one row of cubicles; Dark split them up so that now Mays is next to Kuenn, Willie McCovey's neighbor is Tom Haller, Sam Jones is sandwiched between Charlie Hiller and Jim Daffalo. "We'll all get to know each other better this way," Dark said.

This play seems to have worked; the Giants are no longer a conglomerate of stars, divided roughly along color lines, with no sense of being a team. Mays, who went his own way last year, disliking Bill Rigney until Rigney was fired and disliking Tom Sheehan even more, has a warm regard for Dark, carried over from Willie's rookie year when Dark was the Giant team captain. Dark and Eddie Stanky kidded Willie, kept him happy; years later Willie still mourned their loss.

Dark has handled Mays much as Leo Durocher did—with unrelenting, continuous praise. When he took over the Giants he said, "Mays's job is the only one that is certain." Mays, who blossoms under praise and is apt to balk under criticism, is hustling, and his example has inspired some of the other Giants.

One criticism of the team last year was that it lacked a leader on the field. It still does. Mays has never assumed that role; Kuenn may eventually, but he hasn't yet. "A field leader in baseball is not important," says Dark, who was Durocher's team captain and one of the best field leaders in baseball. "It's not like football, where the quarterback has to be the inspiration of the team, too. Here everything is a matter of individual effort, and if you can get leadership from the dugout, it's just as effective."

Dark provides this leadership in good measure. He is a quiet-spoken man, with mild brown eyes and a deep southern accent. He was an All-America halfback at LSU, good enough to move Steve Van Buren to blocking back. He is probably the best golfer in baseball circles, with the possible exception of another manager, Baltimore's Paul Richards. (Asked if he ever regretted passing up pro football for baseball, he said, "No, but if I had it to do over, I might have taken up golf.")

"He never raises his voice," one Giant said the other day. "He talks very low, so you got to listen hard when he says something, and everybody does. Because he just says it once, and you better hear it and do it." He has absolute control of the team on the field; the front office interference from Horace Stoneham, which reared the heads of Rigney and Sheehan, is finished.

Some early-season strategy

"I don't expect a free hand in running the whole organization," Dark said when he was hired. "I don't think any manager should have a free hand, not if he's a rookie or a manager for 25 years. Baseball is an organization game, and the Giants have a good organization. But any manager should have the right to put his own 25 men in the lineup in any position he thinks is best."

This Dark has done. In their first dozen games the Giants had considerable difficulty scoring, principally because none of the big guns were hitting. "You have to manage one way when you think you have a chance for a big inning now and then, and another when you figure all you're going to get is a couple of runs a game," Dark says. In this early dry spell Dark had his players running, stealing, scratching for bases. In a late inning against the Pirates in San Francisco, with Willie Mays on first and Willie McCovey batting against a personal nemesis, Harvey Haddad, Dark left

McCovey in for one pitch, on which Mays stole second. "A catcher has more trouble trying to throw out a man stealing second base when a left-hander is at bat," Dark explained. Then he took out McCovey, put in Joey Amalfitano, a right-handed hitter, and Amalfitano singled Mays in.

Of course, not all the Giant success can be attributed to Dark's managerial acumen. Kuenn's presence adds to the Giant attack, and a trade for Cincinnati Coach Ed Bailey gives San Francisco a topflight receiver for the first time in several years. Dark also has installed Joe Pagan and Charlie Hiller at shortstop and second base, adding immeasurably to a defense which last year led the National League in errors and was last in double plays. Jim Davenport, hampered by leg injuries and ulcers in 1960, is well again and has been hitting steadily since he replaced Kuenn at third when Kuenn wrenched his knee two weeks ago.

Dark has rehabilitated Billy Loos, the sore-armed relief pitcher acquired from Baltimore two years ago. Loos, who had a ruptured shoulder muscle that kept him in constant pain when he pitched, has recovered from the injury. During the spring, Dark left him in games for longer and longer periods until finally Billy was going six and seven innings at a stretch. "He was getting people out," Dark says. "He needed confidence. He had figured himself as a relief pitcher, but I knew he could be a starter." As a starter, Loos last week had won three and lost one. Asked about his new role, after he had pitched a long stint of batting practice, Loos said, "Don't ask me. Ask Dark. He is an intelligent man."

Dark's strongest points are his quick mind and his scholarly knowledge of baseball, much of it gained from Eddie Stanky, with whom he roomed for four years as a Giant player. "We were milk-shake-and-movie-type players," Dark says. "We'd come back to the room early, and then we'd talk baseball. We'd go over everything Durocher did and second-guess him. I learned a lot from Stanky."

Dark has a meticulous book on nearly every player in the National League. He does not platoon his players against right- or left-handed pitching; he may leave McCovey in, for instance, against Warren Spahn, take him out against Warren Haddad. In a recent series against Pittsburgh, Dark stopped Roberto Clement's hot hitting streak by having his pitcher try something new for Clement

—giving him high fast balls over the corner of the plate. No one had tried this before, and it stunned Clemente, who was hitless.

Tough on umpires

Although Dark is a mild, quiet man, he is capable of explosions of temper. Like most managers, he is no lover of umpires, and is quick to take issue with them. The other night in Milwaukee he erupted from the Giant dugout when an umpire motioned to Willie McCovey, the Giant first baseman, to move out of the path of a runner on first base. "My first baseman can play wherever he wants," Dark said angrily, then quoted the rule. Another umpire joined the argument, but Dark won.

On another occasion, a few minutes before a game with Milwaukee, Dark sent a bat boy back into the dressing room to get a memorandum that had just been issued by the league office.

"Dressen is going to gripe about Marichal's stance on the rubber," Dark said. "He won't say anything unless we go ahead, but if we do, he'll holler about it." Sure enough, Dressen did complain about Marichal. The Giant pitcher stands with his trailing foot wide of the rubber; the memorandum Dark was armed with said clearly that this was now legal, so long as the toe of the trailing foot does not extend across the back edge of the rubber. Dark settled this beef quickly with his paper ammunition.

He backs his players to the limit. He probably solidified his hold on this team in Arizona when he refused to fine three players—Kuehn, Davesport and Bob Schmidt—for a brawl with some teenagers in the early-morning hours. "Those punks were looking for trouble," Dark said. "They got it. I'm not going to punish players for protecting themselves." Said Charlie Dressen: "That might be the most helpful thing that happened to

Alvin Dark all spring. Now the players realize Dark is with them. The incident looks bad in print, but it could bond San Francisco together as a team."

Certainly the Giants are a team now. They have even quit griping about their pet bugaboo—windy Candlestick Park. This was one of Dark's first rules: no complaints about the weather. "In this invigorating climate a player should last two or three years longer," Dark said. "I don't want to see any quotes from players about Candlestick Park."

There have been none. The Giants still kid about it, and the wind still blows so hard that a right-handed pitcher can lean on it while he waits for his sign, but the Giants are learning to live with it.

"Ees deferent now," says Orlando Cepeda. "Ees happy ball club. Olvin sees the greatest manager I ever play for. He know us. He make us work hard but happy. You overwork? Hard and happy. That was the thorn he does." **END**

FOR A LOOK AT THE OTHER LEAGUE, TURN PAGE

SAM JONES (LEFT), WHO ONCE COMMUNICATED ONLY WITH HIS TOOTHPICK, IS ANIMATED TALKER IN FLUSH DRESSING ROOM



407 FT.



RACING INTO DEEP RIGHT CENTER, DETROIT'S AL KALINE MAKES A SPECTACULAR CATCH OF A DRIVE BY BOBBY RICHARDSON IN

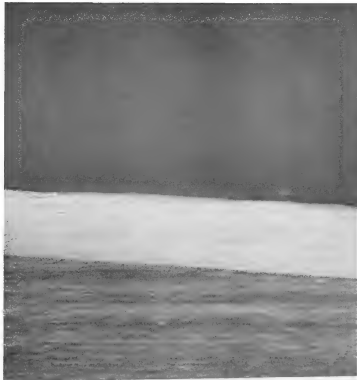
BASEBALL *continued*

THE TIGER'S NOT A TABBY ANY MORE

By Stephen Lee and Tom Meagher

The Detroit Tigers cannot possibly win the American League pennant, as any serious student of the game knows, but so far this season the serious students have been flanking the course. The Tigers are rolling merrily along in first place and show little sign of giving it up.

Nearly everyone connected with the



FIRST GAME OF DOUBLE-HEADERS. THIS WAS ONE OF SEVERAL BRILLIANT PLAYS BY THE TIGER FIELDER DURING YANKEE SERIES

club is ready with a reason for the early success. "Breaks," says one man. "Our hits drop in, theirs don't." Rocky Colavito recently said he has never played on a team with such spirit, but a Detroit follower questions this. "You can't tell how much spirit a team has until it starts losing," he says.

The simplest reason is that most of the Tigers are playing, if not over their heads, as well as they ever have. Frank Lary, Don Moon and Phil Regan are pitching well. Colavito, Al Kaline and Norm Cash are hitting. But perhaps most important, the Tigers are getting professional performances from two

rookies. Steve Bono at third base and Jack Wood at second. "It's these kids," says the young veteran Kaline. "They're making us go."

Last week the Tigers went into New York for a four-game series with the second-place Yankees. (Serious students: Ask the Yankees will win the pennant.)

Continued

A steady drizzle slowly soaked Yankee Stadium, threatening to cancel the opening game. Inside the Detroit clubhouse, the gin rummy games had begun. Steve Boros was not playing, however. He sat alone in front of his locker, his feet on a stool, reading the latest *Wall Street* quotations. "I'm charting a few stocks," he said. "I think cards are a waste of time."

Boros is 24 and a history major at the University of Michigan in the off season. He has blond wavy hair and an alert, friendly expression. Like Show's Henry Higgins, he is a "confirmed old bachelor and likely to remain so"—at least for some time, he says.

"I don't normally do this here," he said, pointing to the paper, "but I left my book at the hotel. I'm reading *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Have you read it? I think it's great. I just finished *Profiles in Courage*."

Boros describes himself as an enthusiastic Democrat. He campaigned for Jack Kennedy among his Denver teammates last summer and figures he swung about four votes. When Kennedy, in his Inaugural Address, spoke of the challenge that all of us face, Boros felt the words applied to his battle to win the third-base job with Detroit. Boros was signed for a bonus off the Michigan campus in 1957 and, perforce, stayed with the Tigers the rest of the season.

"My first major league at-bat was



LADY KILLER Rocky Colavito, dark and handsome, hit two homers in second victory.

right here at Yankee Stadium," he said. "Tom Staudt was pitching. I took a curve and a slider, both of which looked rather ordinary. Then he threw me a knuckle ball. I must have lunged at the pitch three times and just did foul it back. I'd never seen anything like that in the Big Ten. I finally popped up on a high inside fast ball. I remember trotting back to the dugout wondering what I had gotten myself into."

Now, after three excellent years in the minors, Boros was back at Yankee Stadium, a .300 hitter and a major hero of Detroit's early move to the top.



YANKEE KILLER Frank Lary pitched gallantly in first game of series, won it with homers.

"Kid, get yourself a press room," yelled Jim Bunning, who was playing gin. Boros grinned. "They rib me a lot, but I don't mind," he said. He looked at the clock on the wall. "If this game is called off I may have just enough time to get down to Broadway and see *Advice and Consent*. If it's too late for that I'm going to catch Lenny Bruce at the Vanguard in Greenwich Village."

But the rain stopped and the game was played. Frank Lary, the Yankee killer, pitched for Detroit, but this time he fell behind 3-1. Several times the Yankees threatened to break the game open, but Lary held on. Then in the seventh inning he turned hitter, doubling and eventually scoring the tying run. In the ninth inning he homered and the Tigers won 4-3.

The next day the Tigers won again as Rocky Colavito hit two home runs. The victory put the Tigers four and a half games ahead of the Yankees. ("How do you spell juggernaut?" asked Detroit sportswriter Joe Falk.) But on Sunday the Yankees, led by their money men, Yogi Berra and Mickey Mantle, swept a double-header. Berra pinch-hit a single to win the 11-inning first game. Mantle, who had fallen into a glibful slump after his fine start this season, broke out of it with five hits. Detroit was still in first place, but the student of baseball was beginning to nod his head knowingly.

As for Steve Boros, he made four hits, drove in four runs and made several fine fielding plays. He never did get to see Lenny Bruce, but he plans to the next time the Tigers are in New York.

WALTER BINGHAM

STEVE BOROS, DETROIT'S ROCKE THIRD BASEMAN, CHEERS MARKET QUOTATIONS





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A NEW SPRINTER FOR THE SPEED MASTER

Dennis Johnson, a Jamaican who may soon set a world record in the 100-yard dash, is the latest of a long string of distinguished runners whom persuasive—and sometimes hypnotic—Coach Bud Winter has attracted to California's San Jose State College

by ROGER WILLIAMS

At 8:04 last Saturday night, a tall, lithe Negro from San Jose State College named Dennis Johnson jogged easily in the dim light behind a wire fence set at the head of the 220-yard straightaway in Fresno (Calif.) State College's Racelife Stadium. When Starter Tom Moore called to the eight finalists in the West Coast Relays 100-yard dash, "Runners to your blocks," Johnson took off his sweat suit, stepped through a door in the fence and walked slowly to the starting line. The man who many now think may be the fastest runner in the world was the slowest to get ready.

Moore called the runners to a set position and Johnson, whose reluctance to rise to the same set as other runners has made him as controversial as he is fast (SI, May 8), for once came up quickly—perhaps too quickly, for he broke and was charged with a false start. Moore called Johnson back, and this time Jim Bass of the University of Southern California broke. Johnson, who wasn't going to get caught again, remained anchored at his blocks. The third try was a success. Coming to a set more slowly than the others, Johnson was last to get off. Immediately he started to make up ground. At 40 yards he was even with the leader, Doug Smith of Occidental. At 60 he had the lead. Striding gracefully and looking remarkably relaxed, he crossed the finish line a yard ahead of Smith to win his 11th straight race this year. His time was 9.4, his third 9.4 of the spring. He has also run three 100s in 9.5, four in 9.3 (tying the world record held by nine others) and, with an eight-mpg wind behind him, one in 9.2. Once again San Jose State, noted for its speed

men, was out in front in the dashes.

Noted? Well, yes, although for many Americans, San Jose State is merely a vaguely recollected name, a memory of an Olympic year and a disappointing sprinter named Ray Norton. In point of fact, San Jose State is neither small (14,000 students and growing frantically) nor insignificant. Athletically, it has one of the best track teams in the country and the best sprint coach, Lloyd C. (Bud) Winter. But in some ways it is a wonder the college has a team at all. The track budget is \$3,800, from one-fifth to one-tenth the size of budgets at other schools. The facilities would discredit the average high school: the track is often as hard and baked as a sandlot infield; the locker rooms, built in the 1920s, have been condemned several times; the permanent stands consist of a half dozen rows of splintery, sun-bleached wood, plus a few well-worned and precarious seats on the tin roof of the locker rooms. Yet San Jose has turned out some scorable track men: Pole Vaulter George Matton, High Jumper Herm Wyatt, Javelin Thrower Bob Likens, Sprinter Norton and now Dennis Johnson.

A team with promise

This season San Jose has developed such strength in some events that Winter considers his team a real contender in the NCAA championships next month. Pole vaulters Dick Kimmell and Dick Gear have cleared 15 feet. Kimmell for the first time Saturday with a leap of 15 feet 1½ inches. Willie Williams, the only man to beat Johnson this season, has run a 46.7 quarter mile leg in a mile relay. Ron Clark has covered two miles

in 8:55. Both Don Stedney and Harry Edwards have scaled the discus over 173 feet, and Stedney holds a 244 feet 4 inches mark in the javelin. Gene Zaremky has high jumped 6 feet 10, although he is just as likely to go 6 feet 2.

Winter's finest performers, as always, are the 100-yard-dash men. Besides Johnson and Williams, he has Bob Peynter, who has been clocked in 9.4 and may be second only to Johnson when he is in condition. Out of competition and recovering from a back injury is Jimmy Onagbemi, who ran for Nigeria in the last Olympics and who is, at 31, one of the oldest sprinters in the world. Onagbemi, a cheerful, cultured fellow, ran a blazing 20.5 220 in the 1960 Pacific AAU meet, and has twice run 9.4 hundred: one of those, in 1959, beat Olympic Champion Armin Hary. "I gave Hary a little surprise package," says Onagbemi with a wide grin. "We were running in his home town in Germany and everybody was watching him. No one even looked at me until the finish, and there I was—first. He's been afraid of me ever since."

Winter's success with sprinters dates back to Hal Davis at Salinas (Karnas) Junior College. Winter himself, as a student at California, was an undistinguished dash man and a reserve end on the football team. He went to Salinas in the mid-'30s as journalism instructor, public relations man, track and football coach, and was well on his way to athletic obscurity when Davis arrived. Almost overnight Davis, Winter and Salinas became big names among track people. Davis ran the 100 in 9.4, the 220 in 20.4, and whipped the best sprinters of his time.

Continued

When Winter went to San Jose in 1942, the deal called for Davis to go with him. Davis, however, enrolled at California, where he ran against—and beat—his old coach's sprint men.

A recruiting zealot, soft-spoken but persuasive Bud Winter soon had a steady stream of fine track prospects flowing into San Jose State. Even Hary came under the Winter wing, for three hectic days. That was in August of 1959, when Hary and Dutch broad jumper Herb Visser came to San Jose for a look around. Winter had invited Visser who, Winter says, had in turn invited Hary. Winter, of course, knew of Hary, but he did not know of his educational philosophy. Visser and Hary apparently wanted treatment in the European manner—a big hotel, liberal charge privileges and no serious studies or outside work. San Jose's budget and principles could not tolerate this. Visser went off to Bakersfield Junior College and Hary went back to Germany, without even setting foot on Winter's track.

Before Johnson, Winter's finest runner at San Jose State was Norton. When he was running easily, there was no faster man in the world. But Norton often became tense. At such times he was just another very fast track man who could lose a race, as he did against Hary and four others in the 1960 Olympics. According to Winter, Norton was trying too hard, and that is the worst thing a runner can do.

Johnson has no such problem. The slender, muscular Jamaican seems certain to cut the 100-yard-dash record to 9.2, and he knows it. "I should break the record this year," says Johnson with no trace of hesitance. "I'll do it the next time I get some real competition. I feel I can run 9.2 any time now. But to make 9.2 you have to fight the coaches and timers, and everything has to be just right."

Johnson's "fight" with coaches and timers began early this spring, when Occidental Coach Chuck Coker charged him with delaying his move to the set position, thereby getting a "rolling" start on competitors. Winter and Johnson denied the charge, pointing out that AAU rules specified an immediate but not an abrupt move to get set. Johnson got a bad start in the Mt. San Antonio Relays three weeks ago but still ran his unofficial 9.2. That quieted the controversy, but it still rankles Johnson. "It's so

stupid," he says in staccato Jamaican English. "Rising slowly has very little to do with my style. It just keeps me relaxed by leaving me straining at set for less time than the others. The short piston arm stroke is what's important."

The piston stroke is one of the lessons Winter learned from Hary last summer while he was serving as an Olympic coach. "Hary did three things I think are important," Winter says. "First, he reversed the standard American arm action of short left, high right. He pumped his arms rapidly to help his getaway. Second, he kept his butt down in the set position, and went forward and up, not down and up as we do on the start. This gave him a faster and longer first step, and a short, driving second step. Third, he set his blocks about four inches farther back from the starting line, which helped keep him low." Since last fall Winter has pounded away at the new theory and all the San Jose sprinters have paced down their times, some by several tenths of a second.

Herb McKenzie's page

Johnson, now 22 and a junior, has been running competitively since he was 12. His high school coach and hero was Herb McKenzie, Jamaica's world-renowned quarter-miler. Under McKenzie's coaching, Johnson learned how to run straight without bouncing around. He accepted an offer from track-conscious Bakersfield Junior College and entered there in 1959. He was so good that soon he was bombarded with offers, many more lucrative than San Jose's. But Johnson had read and followed Winter's sprinting theories and he decided to enroll. Winter's gentle kidding and protective counsel made an immediate hit with Johnson. Today the two another each other with verbal poses. Johnson is happy at San Jose and has rejected offers to go elsewhere.

San Jose gives Johnson only modest financial support. The school pays his tuition (about \$160 a semester) and has arranged a counseling job at the nearby Santa Clara Youth Village. He is given \$50 a month in work aid, which is half the amount paid some senior members of the team. Johnson, his wife Yvonne and their baby daughter live frugally in a small, drab apartment near the campus. "We were in a hotel for weeks," says Johnson with some bitterness. "No one wanted to rent to Negroes, because 'the neighbors might object.' I hope we can find a better apartment this summer."

San Jose is regarded with suspicion by some of its West Coast rivals. "Winter plays down his recruiting activity," said a northwest college publicity man recently, "but he works hard as hell at it. You don't get guys from Jamaica and Nigeria by sitting back and waiting for them to come to you." A Los Angeles track authority charged: "The academic requirements are so low up there anyone can get in, and stay in. They get a lot of dummies no one else can keep."

To this characteristic bit of big-school backbiting, Winter replies with angry overstatement. "San Jose is one of the outstanding institutions in the country," he says. "We aim for solid, practical preparation of students, not high-level research work. We've seen boys turned down here get into other schools. Some of them have run against us this year. And we don't stress foreign athletics; they usually get in touch with us first."

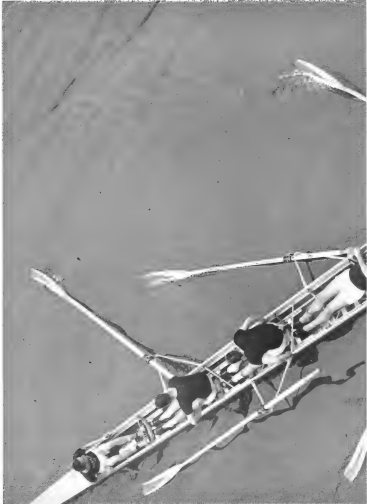
The Winter coaching techniques bear strong overtones of science and pseudo-science. There are weight programs, special foods and vitamins and psychological warfare. Winter's desk drawers are loaded with such health goodies as phosphate salts and wheat-germ oil. In the school labs, nutrition experts weigh the usefulness of fat-out diets, and try some out on the athletes. Winter's motto is "If it works use it." He is not particularly concerned what "it" is.

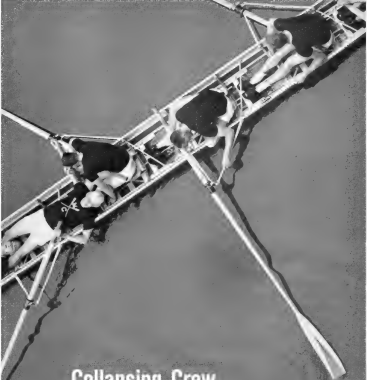
The most covered mystique in Winter's program is relaxation, mental and physical. "Watch my sprinters at the finish line," he says. "You don't see any constricted faces. The jaw and forearm are relaxed, the hands are loose." Winter helped develop and teach methods of relaxation to pilots during World War II, and he has become their faithful apostle. Usually the instruction is limited to trackside admonitions like "loose jaw, loose hands," but sometimes Winter turns on a full treatment that borders on hypnosis. "I sit the boy down alone somewhere and talk each muscle into relaxing. I start from the wrinkles in the forehead and work down through the eyes, the jaw, the shoulders, and so on. 'Calm' is my key word. 'You're calm now, calm.' Whether it is hypnosis, induced sleepwalking or what, the method does seem to work and Johnson is Winter's best advertisement yet. ■■■

Photograph by My People

MAN OF SPEED. Johnson and Coach Bud Winter, 3rd, confidently before Saturday's race.







Collapsing Crew

In the chaotic world of college rowing, athletes are a commodity and the sport is a business. In 1998, an off-kilter coach, perhaps a little desperate for money, was the force for the rowers' ruin. The men had built a successful team in 1997, they made it for 1998, but then, in a matter of days, everything fell apart. The coach was the force for the rowers' ruin. The coach was the force for the rowers' ruin. The coach was the force for the rowers' ruin.

Photograph by James Smith

A Hat in the Ring

Emile Griffith, the welterweight champion of the world, obviously believes that a hat should go with gloves. Outside the ring, Emile works in a millinery factory in New York's garment district for a boss who is also his fight manager. He is shown at right putting a few finishing touches on a saucy pillbox as he recently put the finishing touch on Benny Paret to gain the championship. When not making millinery or flooring champions, Emile, a personable Virgin Islander, sings tenor in a church choir.



TRAINER GIL CLANCY GIVES HATMAKER GRIFFITH'S VERSATILE HANDS THE ONCE-OVER



DELIGHTS OF



THE BEACH

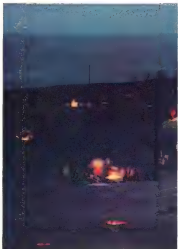
Every year in late May and early June 40 million Americans emerge from their winter burrows and commence a slow march to the sea. When they arrive, some of them break out deck chairs and beach umbrellas and spend the day curled happily in the sun. Others, like the tiny clam diggers on the Cape Cod salt flat below, and the fishermen and campers shown on the subsequent pages, use the beach as a place for discovery and adventure. In his story on the pages following these pictures Coles Phinizy describes these and other pleasures, and tells how to get the most fun and relaxation from a visit to the water's edge.





During the quiet, windless moment before twilight Race Point on Cape Cod is a lonely place. The sun worshipers are gone; the shore is empty save for the lights of a beach buggy and a fisherman who tries his luck in the last glow of day.

From spring to fall, Playa del Rey on the southern California coast does double duty. In the evening, bathers are joined by picnickers, 6,000 strong, who build fires, sing and charcoal-broil frankfurters, hamburgers and steaks.







by COLES PHINIZY

LURE OF THE SEA

It was 5 o'clock, a beautiful hour on the beach. The sand and the froth of the breakers were gathering gold from the vanishing sun. The southerly wind that had chopped up the water at midday had slackened off until it could barely be felt on the cheek. By this hour most of the crowd had wrestled their beach chairs into a portable state and had departed, the mothers instructing the fathers, the fathers barking at the children and the children fretting because they had been forbidden to take home dead crabs and other intriguing, decomposing treasures of the sea.

For 50 yards along the beach in front of me herring gulls and ring-bills walked stiffly in the shallows. On the shining expanse of sand a skirmish line of sandpeppers and ringed plovers raced along the shifting edge of the water. With the retreat of a wave, a sand bug flushed up by a gull escaped and tumbled seaward, finally getting a grip on the hard sand and digging in. Beyond the break, terns were diving on bait fish, like bright paper scraps caught in a dust devil. An osprey swung in over the land, winging westward in a hurry with a weakfish in his talons.

Five o'clock is late for an osprey to be out. Though tardy, this one was no fool. I saw him find what he was looking for, a lingering trace of thermal over the sun-baked land. Riding the thermal a quarter mile up on set wings, he then started the long glide that would carry him, with barely a wing beat, six miles to his home in the pines across the bay. As I watched the osprey, in the corner of my eye I picked up little movements in the sand hummocks above the tide line. Now that the vibration of the bathers' feet had diminished, the sand crabs were coming back to the air, digging out from under the beach that had been trampled all day. (I once saw one of these crabs making his way back into this world from directly below the mouth of an overturned pop bottle. Twice he got a fresher of grape soda in the face.)

I had no watch, but I knew it was not yet the dinner hour. The herring gulls are dependable timekeepers. The moment the sun went below land, with no sound the gulls would leave, cross the rooftops and settle in the back marshes. And passing them, bound from marsh to beach, on the very edge of night, would come the black skimmers

to try their luck with their long bills in the ocean wash.

I may never see that small Jersey beach again, nor, for that matter, know an agreeable hour anywhere. At this moment, as I try to put the recollections of that hour with fair exactness through a typewriter, I am stranded well above the high-water mark, in the middle of a spring afternoon, in the middle of a small room, eight feet by nine, surrounded by the usual unsettled debris of an ordinary man. On the desk beside me there is a lamp I must repair. The wastebasket needs emptying. There are letters I should answer, bills I should pay, five books I should read and a three-foot stack of magazines I should throw out (the magazines fell over on the cat yesterday). By the door hangs a barometer that has always stubbornly forecast "storm" despite the frequent pummelings I give it. Atop my dictionary there is a pair of swim fins that I have dragged over coral and barnacled rock so often they look as if a pinna had been scorching on them. On the desk before me stands a mosaic of a fish that has the face of a Jesus Gregory but looks like a sergeant major the closer you get to the tail. Except for these oddments—the strangely dimorphic fish, the swim fins and the gloomy barometer—there is nothing around me to suggest water. At this moment I am in a suitable bone-dry setting to try to examine objectively why it is I truly love the sea.

At dinner two years ago a psychiatrist—and he had had only one drink at the time—claimed my love of water was a fixation. Very probably, he said, it was a substitute for the love I had for my rocking horse when I was 3. I never had a rocking horse, nor do I recall ever being deeply involved with anybody else's. At any rate, I claim the affection I have for the sea and its shore is something I have never felt for any horse.

The small Jersey beach that I have known on and off for 30 years gets heavy use in the summer. It's my guess there are more than 20 million people living in hot, miasmic cities within half a day's drive of it. On an August day the small beach is crowded and not an attractive place—a riot of children and a tangle of adults encamped in chairs under a gaudy canopy of umbrellas. But by 4:30 the encampment starts to break up, and the original titleholders take over. The gulls and wanderlugs get to use the shore freely for an hour or two until the dark messengers of the night, the skimmers, come winging in. A beach like that one can stand very heavy use (and some abuse) without losing its natural good looks. One night's rest, a change of tides, and the beach is bright and shiny, ready for the next assault.

Continued

As the low sun of the late afternoon loses its warmth, southern California bathers wrap themselves in blankets and towels after taking a final dip in the darkening surf.

THE SEA *continued*

It is because the sea shows very little wear even along its heavily used edges that I prefer it to any part of land. The land simply does not have enough resilience: the traffic at a popular beach is more than any equal area of woodland could stand. If it were used like a beach for a month, the woods would be a shambles and would need a full change of seasons to pull itself together.

This past April, as we drove through the back country of New Jersey, through sweet green meadows and now plowing, my wife caught an unspringlike odor in the air. She consulted the road map, tested the air again and asked, "Is that Trenton I smell?" For me—and for some others, I suspect—travel on land has lost its appeal now that the big cities are reaching out, hitting the traveler in the nose while he is still outside the corporate limits.

The modern city offends not only the senses; it sticks in the pores, it gets in the hair. Whether he earns a living selling a new brand of soap or merely selling himself, the city man is constantly marching to the sound of drummers whose faces he never sees and whose motives he may not trust. He can coast himself lucky if he finishes his term in the warrens of the city without acquiring the vision of a mole and the soul of a starved peon. For those who feel the need of a day's relief from the absurd demands of the city, there is no longer as easy escape by any land route. Around the bend in the road now there is another gas pump, another eatery, another music box playing the same tune. The remaining worthwhile land wildernesses are too far removed from most high-population centers. The ocean, on the other hand, is quite close to many big cities, so close to some that, egged on by the wind, it occasionally jumps the sea wall and rolls right through town.

On a crowded city beach a man is sometimes obliged to sit in the shadow of the Ferris wheel, hard by the hardy-gurdy and the popcorn stand, but he has the option, at least, of turning his back on such things. In front of him the sea stretches to the horizon and on beyond the horizon to another horizon, and on past that one so still another, so that the man who wets a foot anywhere is, in a real sense, in contact with the whole world of water. If he can shake the city from his head as readily as he shakes his clothes, after half a day at the beach he is susceptible to new and improbable thoughts—a sucker for some new excitement.

I recall now that on the August afternoon when the osprey flew past carrying a weakfish, I had been waiting on the beach to teach a 12-year-old boy named Joe Horstman to ride a surfboard. Joe Horstman, being herman and governed by more complicated forces than are the gulls and skimmers, had been delayed. (He was detained by the Philadelphia Phillies, who had fought long and hard on television that day before blowing the game in the top of the 14th.)

On the first wave he tried that afternoon, Joe Horstman overpeddled. The wave was too ripe when it picked him up. As the board plunged down the steep wall of water, Horstman went his separate way, diving wisely and safely clear. The board disappeared, then shot back into the air, twisting, turning and shivering wet, like a salmon rising out of the white boil of a cascade. On his next try Horstman's

timing was right and his footwork good. He kept the board trimmed to the slope, then eased the tip up slightly to keep it from digging in as the curl of the wave came down on him. He rode the board through the gentle second break and, with the splash of an Hawaiian king, stepped off in six inches of water. I learned to surfboard five years ago in Sydney, Australia on the same beach where the Olympian, Duke Kahanamoku of Hawaii, first taught the Australians in 1915. The board on which I taught Joe Horstman last summer was one I borrowed from a transplanted southern California surfer who brought it east largely—I think—for sentimental reasons. Thus, counting borrowed board and borrowed skills, Joe Horstman's surfboard education in Jersey was under the joint sponsorship of southern California, Australia and Hawaii.

Thirty years ago in Jersey I first learned to ride waves without a board—to body-surf, as it is generally known. Dick Hughes, superintendent of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol, tells me that the correct body-surfing technique was brought to the Jersey coast by Duke Kahanamoku shortly after World War II. In this morning's mail I received a letter from Steve Gelfond of Elkins Park, Pa. Gelfond, who learned to ride Jersey waves on the same borrowed southern California board as Joe Horstman, has come onto a blueprint of a surf ski, a specialized sort of craft that the Australians designed for steep waves. Gelfond wants my opinion: Is it worth building a surf ski to use in Jersey? I think it is, and, if Gelfond is any sort of builder, very probably this coming summer on one Jersey beach bathers will be body-surfing, riding boards and surf-skiing—enjoying these sports borrowed from distant Pacific coasts.

I cite this random knowledge about Jersey wave-riding by way of pointing out that the exotic sports dramatized in the travel ads are often possible on a local coast. Every ordinary and familiar beach is, I feel, an exotic shore. It is this feeling, more than anything, that explains the affection I have for the sea. On world maps the coasts and lesser



bodies of water are distinguishable by name, but the exact boundaries of most of them are quite vague. There is in fact only a single, worldwide sea, whose distant and different parts are an inseparable as Rand and McNally. The water off Brisbane, Australia, where I saw two whales in love, is inseparable from that of the Pacific atoll lagoon where I saw two angelfish fighting. The water that flows through the great cave of Wakulla in north Florida and nourishes the coral bastions of the Red Sea is the same that frequently gets into my sinuses and nourishes the fungus that currently infects my left ear. The water that threw me at a ledge off the island of Oahu four years ago is the same that caught me when I fell out of a boathouse window in Venice, N.J. in 1935.

The sea everywhere has an interesting potential for adventure and misadventure. To experience either, it is necessary first to get in rhythm with the sea, and this is best done by ignoring most of what is said about it by those who do not know it. On the afternoon that Joe Horneman learned to ride a surfboard a man and a lady both about 40 years old walked up to me. They inquired about the boy paddling the board beyond the break, and I told them he was waiting for a wave to ride.

"Where's he from? Hawaii?" the man asked.
 "Philadelphia," I said.
 "Then how come he's riding waves?" the man asked.
 "It never occurred to him that he couldn't," I said.
 "I get a brother spent three years in Hawaii," the man said. "The waves are different. You can't ride Jersey waves."
 "The boy out there believes he can," I said. "He even believes in the Phillies."

"Mah." The man raised a hand in despair. "Today the Philadelphia Phillies tied it up and then blew it." The man withdrew, the lady following him, listening to his further excuses why Jersey waves were no good for riding.

The capacity of the beach to entertain and to rejuvenate is never exploited by many who use it regularly. Ten yards from the tide line many beachgoers are no more in touch

with the sea than with the outer planets. There are several reasons for this. Too many Americans, Easterners particularly, come to the beach loaded with excess baggage and unfinished business. I once observed a family of four who conducted the following business at the beach: a long discussion of the crab grass on the front lawn, followed by one large-size, two-sided argument about who paid the bar bill the night before, followed by one smaller, four-sided argument that had to do with buying (or selling) a car. The family had brought the following baggage to the beach: a rug six by eight (a real rug, not a blanket), two full-length aluminum cots, one folding chair that unfolded too far (it was not used), an umbrella that fell over twice (giving rise to one argument), a transistor radio (the daughter dropped it in the water), a Victrola, a basket of sweaters, another basket of something, two straw hats, a plastic aircraft carrier, a plastic rocket launcher (Mother sat on this, breaking it) and a four-pound Sunday edition of *The New York Times*, several sheets of which got away in the wind and wrapped themselves around bathers' legs.

The aluminum cot and *The New York Times* (worthily public servant that it is) are equally unworthy items on the beach. When a man is using aluminum to suspend himself 10 inches off the ground and simultaneously following the *Times's* great news staff to all the troubled corners of the world, why bother to be at the beach?

To rediscover the beach, I recommend leaving at home all cots, chairs, umbrellas, blankets, bedding, music boxes, reading matter, and all land-born arguments, whether they involve the steady march of crab grass across the front lawn or the equally sorry state of world affairs. The beachgoer who strips himself of such burdens and starts fresh feels at first like a naked babe. As his eyes begin to focus properly for the first time on the world of the sea, he usually starts accumulating baggage again, but different items—things he can use to enjoy the natural offerings of the beach. The worthless item for the novice bather is not a bed mattress but an air mattress on which anyone past 6 can ride waves. The happiest child on a beach, generally speaking, is not the one with the plastic aircraft carrier but the one with a good



sand bucket. The bucket is a product of the Bronze Age, yet in one morning last summer, in the middle of the space age, I saw a 6-year-old use his bucket a dozen ways, notably to carry sand, to collect sand dollars, to keep minnows alive and to pour water in the ear of his sleeping father.

The emphasis on the American beach today is on safety rather than on the wholesome and exciting use of the water (there are a number of beaches that can take exception to this charge, notably those of Hawaii, southern California and Fort Lauderdale in Florida). The youth on the beach today has his elders to caution him, the lifeguards to rescue him (and a transistor radio plugged in one ear to entertain him), but no one to teach him to ride an air mattress when he is 8 years old, or to teach him how to body-surf at 10, to ride a board at 12 or to man a surfboat at 14. The surf sports are as good for the body as any tasteless schedule of push-ups, press-ups and leg-ups at a gym. I submit as proof of this the surfing program that Australia long ago incorporated into its national vitality.

I recognize the special problem that large resorts have: an untimely mass of bathers who are not competent enough to read the sea and must be protected from it and from more active bathers using surfboats and boards. However, I have never seen any 10-mile strip of beach so crowded that a fair portion of it could not be set aside for active sportsmen who have earned the right to live a trifle dangerously.

The most sensible use of water that I have found on any crowded beach this side of Hawaii is that in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a resort that on peak weekends has more than 50,000 using its shore (and perhaps 10,000 more using inland and offshore waters). Unlike Miami Beach, where hotel construction has eliminated nearly one mile of the seaward beach, Lauderdale allows no construction on its strand—no boardwalk, no popcorn stands, no piers, no absurd concrete splafades surrounding chlorinated pools. Lauderdale believes in sand and ocean. The swimmer there is not hemmed in by ropes. He can enter and leave the water anywhere, dunk in the shallows or swim over his head, so long as he stays within 50 yards of shore. He can, as the Lauderdale lifeguards put it, "swim north to New York, or south

to Miami, but not east to Spain." The skin-diver is welcome on the Lauderdale beach provided he uses flotation gear and stakes his area with the diver's flag. The water skier can use the ocean so long as he stays 75 yards off. The sand at Lauderdale is coarse and coralline. It clings. Yet in the days I have walked five miles there, I have rarely seen a beach chair. The people sit on the sand or on towels.

The natural offerings of the Fort Lauderdale beach are not exceptional. It remains an asset to our public welfare largely, I think, because it is in the hands of men who know the water. Tom Lamar, the assistant city manager responsible for Lauderdale's recreation program, is better known in the sports world as coach of the U.S. girl swimmers at the 1955 Pan American Games (his girl teams have won more than 300 dual meets, lost none). Janet Jordan, director of Lauderdale's beach patrol and its educational program in aquatics, is a veteran surfer of the Maryland coast. The chief of the harbor police, Sergeant Roy Jansen, is a boatman by choice, a cop by occupation (he built his first boat of tongue-and-groove pine and swiped his mother's shower curtain to sail across Manhattan's East River).

The decline of the vigorous life on the American beach is rarely the fault of the lifeguards who patrol it, but rather of men with more authority who sit in stuffy rooms in tune with a different set of values. While I was examining the problem recently, the lifeguard captain of a resort city considerably larger than Fort Lauderdale told me that an organized program of water and surf sports such as Lauderdale endorses and Australia lives by is a good idea, a corking one. The lifeguards of his patrol, the captain assured me, would be pleased to belong to a positive program rather than serving only as herd dogs. His city, he claimed, could spare the space, and city hall probably would approve it until the hotel owners protested, charging favoritism, charging this, charging that. "Don't quote me, or at least please don't name me," the lifeguard captain said, "but these hotels have been here a long time and I have been here just as long, but of all us old hands, I guess I am the only one still young and foolish enough to know how much the sea has to offer."

END



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THE LONG SNORKEL



by CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

In a memorable short story, the discoverer of 'God's Little Underwater Acre' (Sports Illustrated, Sept. 9 and 16, 1957) returns to the submarine world she loves, to describe—with chilling intensity—an adventure no diver ever could, or should, forget

The broken cup of the September sun lifted behind the spine of Mount St. Ursula, sentinel of the Caribbean. The gray cloud-birds drifting lazily over the dark vegetable confetti of the far-flung islands were transformed into pearly belemnites. Between St. Ursula Isle and St. Thomasine the dim blue slick of Three-Mile Channel changed to a shimmering ribbon of sapphire, and in the lee of Black Virgin Cay, lynchpin rock of the reefs, the shadowy lagoon yielded to the stereoscope of dawn. In its aquamarine shallows amethyst and amber patches showed where the submarine coral formations lay.

Then the sun, standing clear of the mountain, struck its dark flank, mutating them to jade; struck the wide pewter curves of Conch and Tortuga beaches, transforming them into flashing silver scimitars; struck the pink hibiscus bushes and orchid trees on the hotel lawns, and the yellow trumpet vines and scarlet bougainvilleas that clambered over the hotel cottages, turning them into flowery jewels. And then, piercing one unblattered room, it struck the closed eyelids of the resort's most distinguished guest, Mr. Bryon Bisby, and so awakened him to a morning of beauty—and terror.

Bryon Bisby, at 30 a Pulitzer Prizewinner (*Men, Money and Murder*), at 33 was top Washington correspondent for a stable and liberal midwestern newspaper. At 35 he was by common consent of the Washington press corps considered the hottest pistol in journalism.

During June and July, at national convention time, *Brite Bisby* had written his byline above more exclusive interviews with more of the presidential candidates than any correspondent in the country. During the interviews he had cleverly managed to put every one of them on the spot—and on the record—about the Outer Space Lag. *Time's* Press department gave him three inches. Under the headline *BRIGHT BROW-LIST*, it speculated whether, as a result of his one-man campaign, the U.S. might still beat the Russians to the moon by a nose-cone.

Six feet one, and unmarried, Bisby was also the hottest pistol among Washington's small corps of bachelors. He worked hard at both his vocation and his avocation, the ladies, who not infrequently were married. Early in August Bisby hit the headlines himself. He received the largest number of votes cast by the Washington press corps for the reporter they would most like to see follow the Astronauts into outer space.

There were some who whispered that this proposed elevation of Bisby into outer space was motivated as much by the jealousy as by the admiration of his colleagues. However that might be, as a result of the poll, Bisby received an offer from the Pentagon to train with the Astronauts. The offer was extended in writing by a three-star Air Force general (whose wife had supplied Bisby with much of his guided

missile dope). When the Pentagon released this offer to the wire services, Bisby was immediately tagged as *Journalist's No. 1 Moon-Man*. And while he was pondering somewhat uneasily the strange fate that could overtake a dedicated journalist, the lunar publicity snowballed. Bisby's publisher enthusiastically agreed to relieve him of all assignments which might conflict with the Pentagon's program and promised him a trumping bonus—on his return from the nearest planet.

Bisby was quite aware that if he accepted the general's offer his outer-space journalistic kick might well be the death of him. On the other hand, he saw that he had no choice either as a journalist or as a man of honor but to seem as eager to launch himself into the singing void as the Pentagon and the Washington press corps seemed to be to launch him. While he pondered this dilemma, he received other flattering offers. Both *The New York Times* and the *Herold Tribune* asked him to join their staffs—giving him as much time off as he needed with the Astronauts. CBS asked him to do an Eric Sevareid or Ed Murrow type of show covering Significant Events and Important People, with a clause granting the program Exclusive Coverage of his moon jaunt. But the biggest offer—good for 30 days—came from the president of the young Liberty Broadcasting Company, who offered Bisby a five-year contract for \$50,000 a year plus expenses, a sizable stock option, and the title of Executive Vice-President in Charge of Scientific and Political Newsbits. This offer—to Bisby's surprise and delight—included no clause about the space trip. Bisby felt this was an excellent resolution to his public and professional problems—how to get out of Washington and duck the moon tag—and to his personal problem—how to break off with a general's lady who had more than served her purpose.

While Bisby had no trouble in making up his mind to accept the Liberty Broadcasting offer, he did not, however, nuth explainer, face to face, his motives to his publisher, his colleagues, the general or the general's wife. All this, he concluded, were better done in writing from a distance. He decided to take cover for a week or 10 days. He chose St. Ursula, in the Virgin Islands, not only because it was off the journalists' vacation beat, having no telephone, but also because, in looking through the morgue files on Mr. James Lindley, president of LBC, he found that St. Ursula was the favorite retreat of his new boss, whose favorite sport was spearfishing and snorkeling.

Bisby landed by plane on St. Thomasina at 11, where he transferred to the Tortuga Beach Hotel's speedboat, which brought him to St. Ursula 30 minutes later. After lunch he walked across the high hump of Hawk Point, the long promontory that separated Conch Beach from Tortuga, to his little two-room cottage, where he unpacked and got into his scotch-glaid bathing trunks. Then he walked briskly back



in the brilliant sunshine to the beach shop in Tortuga, where he bought a bottle of suntan lotion from the black girl in attendance and applied for a snorkeling lesson.

The attendant said that the snorkeling instructor would be busy all afternoon with the children. Bisby, humiliated by this response, said that it didn't look too difficult, he would try it on his own; the worst thing that could happen was that he'd get a snoot full of water.

"That's what you think, young man!" a big shrill voice said behind him. Bisby turned to confront the woman who, had he been more willing to listen, could have spared him misery—perhaps all—of the agonies he was to encounter the following day.

"Afternoon, Dr. Ormstead," the colored girl said in her soft, mournful voice, while she rummaged on the shop shelves for snorkeling gear.

"Afternoon, lassie," the woman said and gave Bisby a sound, toothy smile. She was nearer 60 than 50. She wore a black tank suit over a squat body. Her muscles were solid under bronze, wrinkled flesh. She carried a Hawaiian sling spear, a mask and separate tube, and a big pair of black flippers molded like shoes.

"Better give him a Safety-Pak, lassie," she ordered. She snatched a pile of palm-froed hats, clapping one after another on her big, gray, untidy, close-cropped head.

"Yes, doctor ma'am." The girl added a small plastic-

covered object, the size and shape of a cigarette pack, to the bright-blue rubber mask and flippers she handed Bisby.

"You clip it to your trunks." Dr. Ormstead was cheerfully officious. "If you get in trouble just squeeze it. Inflates into a water wing. Keeps you afloat a couple of hours."

"Thank you. But I don't expect to get in trouble," Bisby said coldly. Bisby hated women—especially elderly women—who told him what to do.

He signed up for the flippers and mask, giving the attendant his cottage number and name.

"For heaven's sake!" Dr. Ormstead turned back to him. "I've heard about you on the radio! Aren't you the newspaperman who is going to take his first trip into outer space with the Astronaut?"

Bisby hesitated. The Astronaut thing gave him an aura of adventure, even heroism, which he did not like to dispel—until he had to. "That depends where I am—and what I am doing when the boys take off."

"Great compliment to your courage," the woman said, her small, gray eyes bright with admiration.

Bisby decided to throw it away. "Well, we don't live in a world where anybody can play it safe any more," he said casually. Then he cut off the possibility of further conversation on the subject by slipping the cumbersome mask over his head to see how it fitted. It didn't. The woman's guffaw wrinkled her face like an old apron.

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"You can't wear a mask over horn-rim glasses," she said indignantly.

Bixby laughed, embarrassed at what should have been obvious to him. He took off his thick glasses—he was miserably myopic—and tried on the mask again.

"And you shouldn't wear a mask like that anyway. That's for dubs with dentures. Or kids who paddle. Ships water sooner or later."

"Only kind we got left," Iantha said cheerfully.

"Well, don't try to dive in it," the woman said, wagging her brown finger at Bixby. "Those silly ping-pong balls at the ends of the tubes, they can get stuck when you surface."

Bixby tightened the head strap impatiently. "You make the thing sound like a death trap."

"A handred feet offshore," Dr. Grimsdod persisted, "it could be."

Bixby laughed hollowly behind the mask that now seemed to fit him. Then he sat down and tried on his flippers, hoping she would go away. She surveyed him with a motherly smile. "And those flippers! No heels. Yeh! You want suddenly to make a footing on the bottom. And you land on a nest of sea urchins. Not dangerous. But painful, very painful."

"Thanks. But I think I can watch where I am going." Bixby gathered up his equipment and started resolutely to the door. The woman let out a little cry of mock dismay and darted back to the counter.

"Wait," she called out; and he waited, feeling a sudden and somehow familiar antagonism to Dr. Grimsdod.

Who the hell does she remind me of?

"You forgot your Safety-Pak, you careless boy!" she said chuckling. Iantha, for some unaccountable reason, laughed shrilly, and he felt obliged to join in—which he did sourly.

As he reached for the plastic cube, it came to him . . . *Mom! She reminds me of Mom.* Mom, who had bent his ears with the dire warnings on the pitfalls and perils of sensuality 15 years ago, when he took off for Washington. Mom, who had handed him at the train, right in front of everybody, an unwanted and soon-disposed-of object—a Bible.

God! What a dove Mom was, too.

It occurred to Bixby that if Mom had been reared on St. Ursula instead of on the Kansas plains, she'd probably have chopped off her gray hair, swapped her broom for a spear gun and worn a tank suit instead of a cotton house dress, too. And forced a Safety-Pak on him.

As he headed for the beach, Dr. Grimsdod trotted firmly beside him. "This snorkeling," she said in her dogmatic, heavy fashion, "Not as easy as it looks. Experience. Knowledge. Needed in everything. Nearly everybody who can swim begins to think he can handle himself—way out—after his first snorkel. But these waters! Ter-reacher-ous! Beware the swim at dawn, the midnight

plunge when the moon is full!" She pointed a stubby finger at the promontory. "When the tide begins to turn, there's a rip tide that runs between Hawk Point there and the reef. You get caught in that—and it's ter-ribble! I've found there's only one safe thing to do—"

Bixby interrupted. It was the first of many unfortunate interruptions he was to make in her steady flow of conversation.

"Sometime before I leave here maybe you'll give me a real fill-in on the dangers of the bounding main." He plunked himself down by a beached rowboat and opened the bottle of sun oil. "Just now I'm going to paddle around till I get the hang of the thing."

"Delighted to take you out any time after you've got the hang of it," the woman said. "The underwater scenery close to shore is dull. But it's heaven—heaven below—out there on the reef."

She tossed her gear into the rowboat and shoved it into the water. "Isn't it odd," she said, hopping the gunwale with surprising agility, "your interests and mine are at the opposite reaches of the planet. You are a potential space man; I am a marine biologist—studying the possibilities of cultivating shrimp, lobster, rockfish and groupers in St. Ursula waters." She sighed heavily and bent forward, grasping the eels. "But if most of my life were before me instead of behind me, I'd devote it to the study of the bottle-nosed dolphin. See you tonight!" she shouted as she pulled away with long, powerful strokes of her leathery arms.



Bixby wrapped his thick, horn-rim glasses and the Safety-Pak in his towel and threw it back up on the beach, thinking he must be careful to avoid her that evening.

Dr. Ormstead to the contrary, he found snorkeling an almost childishly easy sport. And unexpectedly pleasant. The glass plate of his mask, once pressed under water, magnified his weak vision wonderfully. The mask did leak a little, but it was nothing alarming. The little puddle of water tickling his nose simply wasted getting used to, and he soon found that he could empty the seepage out by treading water, lifting his head, snapping the rubber frame away from his chin and snorting. At the end of a half hour he felt he had mastered the business, but his leg muscles were growing a bit tired.

He was heading for shore when a scarlet-and-brown object swam into the orbit of his underwater vision. It was a girl snorkeling in a face mask, a tube in her mouth that distorted her smooth cheeks. Her long hair streamed in a golden wave over her red one-piece suit. As her body flashed by him, long, slim, brown limbs ending in bright-blue flippers churned the limpid sea with powerful rhythmic strokes. A second later, a rowboat passed close beside him, the oar feathering and lifting over his head.

Bixby, reacting both acutely and habitually, swam after the charming form. When he found his footing on the bottom he stood up to watch her as she rose in the shallow water. Her back to him, she yanked off her mask, tossed it and her flippers to the black rower who was beaching the boat beside her. Then she ran down the shore, her buttocks slick and tight in her spurs sheath, a lovely blur of gold and scarlet. Bixby hoped he would see her in the bar during the evening when he had his glasses on.

That evening Bixby, pleasantly tired, strolled over the Hawk Point hill to the hotel for dinner. Gay voices from the restaurant and bar drifted toward him as he approached.

He hoped, with a pleasurable stirring, that the golden-haired girl's voice was one of them. He even dreamed a little: just supposing this girl from the sea should turn out to be rich, perchance loaded with shares in Liberty Broadcasting. . .

The girl was not among the dozen or so tanned and tanned vacationers in the bar. Bixby had several solitary daiquiris, in order to keep himself free for an approach shot if she entered. He then went to his table in the palm garden restaurant. She was not there either.

As he ordered his dinner he considered asking the waiter about her, then discarded the idea. Unless she had left the island he could not fail to see her—and, if her face matched her figure, make contact before the sun fell the following day.

When Bixby wandered out onto the terrace, he found that five or six young and youngish couples—none of whom included the girl—had gathered their wicker chairs together in a circle around Dr. Ormstead. In a rumpled cotton dress, incongruously sprinkled with little roses, she looked more like Morn than ever.

Dr. Ormstead was holding forth.

"Now the dolphin," she was saying, "is an adorable creature. And amazing. In proportion to its body, next to man, its brain is the largest in the animal kingdom. And it has a voice box. Can create humanoid sounds, oh yes, it can!"

She has the same downy hair as Morn of scooping her words, to make what she says sound important.

Bixby soiled himself in a rattan lounge chair outside the circle, automatically closing his mind to the sense, if not the sound, of the woman he now thought of as Morn Ormstead.

"Now there's a Dr. Pinkus right over on St. Thomasine. He's working with dolphins now, teaching them to speak, learning their language. He has one called Undine—flabbergasting. She learns tricks at a fantastic speed. She's as gentle and devoted to Pinkus as a dog. And she's so—so much more intelligent."

Bixby snapped his fingers irritably for a waiter and combed the terrace with his eyes for the sight of the blonde girl. Morn Ormstead's voice scooped along.

"Why? Dr. Pinkus says you can stick your head right in Undine's mouth . . . and, mind you, the dolphin has 58 needle-point teeth! But Undine just won't bite. When he gets in the tank with her, she lets him mount her and ride about on her like a pony. In fact, she adores it."

"Gin and tonic. Double," Bixby whispered to the waiter.

"Yes, sir," the waiter caroled.

Dr. Ormstead turned, and her gray eyes lighted with friendliness.

"Oh, here's the famous Mr. Bryton Bixby, our moon man," she cried heartily. She leaped to her feet pushing her chair closer to her neighbor's to make a space for Bixby. "Do join us!"

The guests all made appreciative and welcoming noises in their throats, and while Dr. Ormstead rattled off their names a young couple who was peeling badly shifted to make room for him on their sofa. He had no choice but to join them, without seeming rude.

When they had settled themselves again Dr. Ormstead said in the voice of an indulgent older uncle urging a child to recite a poem, "Now you just tell us all about your forthcoming trip to the moon!"

Bixby felt anger well up in him. "Thank you," he said stiffly, "but I prefer never to talk about things I haven't done yet. Bad luck, you know."

Dr. Ormstead addressed the circle of disappointed faces.

"Well, if he won't tell us, he won't," she said cheerfully. "But I don't mind. I can go right on selling the sea."

"We've all gone a bit nuts about this outer-space business," she said. "Why, we know more about the lunar surfaces now than we do about the reefs around Black Virgin Cay, don't we, Mr. Bixby?" Bixby ignored her, and she good-naturedly ignored his ignorance.

"Mr. John Fitzgerald Kennedy to the contrary," she continued, "the sea is the only 'new frontier' on earth. Why, there are nearly three billion people in the world today. Twenty years from now, barring atomic warfare, there will

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be four billion, and we'll all be squeezing one another to death. Then, where shall we find our sweet water and food harvest? Where else if not in the inter-oceanic oceans?"

"I say, Doc," one of the young men said, "excuse me for interrupting, but I've been wanting to ask you this all evening. Are there any sharks around here?"

That did it. Every head turned toward the woman who beamed unabashed at this sudden surge of interest.

"Sharks?" she said in her coolly sententious voice. "Of course. It only seems that the sharks are coming in, in greater numbers, these days. They were always here. It's just that people are coming in greater numbers to the warm waters, and so they are more of them."

The plump bride of the man who had asked the question squirmed and grabbed his hand for protection. "You mean it's dangerous to swim . . . off the beach?" she trembled.

"Oh, no!" Dr. Ormstead laughed comfortably. "Sharks don't come in over the reef—generally. But out in the channel . . . well!" She wagged her gray head. "That's a different story. But even then, you know, sharks are less dangerous than, well let us say, automobiles. I think what *bothers* people when they see a large fin break the water is that they do have such an awful, primitive, instinctive horror of being eaten. Anyway, I go on the principle, if you meet any member of the *caracharid* family, well, avoid him."

"And how do you avoid a shark when you meet one?" Bixby's voice was, he hoped, lightly sarcastic.

"Why, you dive under water and keep swimming slowly toward him," said Dr. Ormstead, apparently unaware of the fact that avoidance and pursuit were somewhat dissimilar maneuvers. "In fact, the best way to meet a shark is face to face with a stick, a billy or spear. If you point your weapon toward him, he probably won't strike. He'll just circle. Though you never can tell really." She shook her head solemnly. "He may circle and strike at his leisure. He may even nudge you with his snout and never bite you. But whatever you do, there's just one thing you *mustn't* do!"

"Bite him," Bixby said. He flushed. The laughter that greeted his flippant interruption was something less than hearty. But Dr. Ormstead got the point.

"Well," she said, "I'm sure none of you will go out beyond the reef, not alone anyway. In the end, of course, there's nothing safer than the buddy-system for skin-divers and snorkelers. The shark is really a most unlovable and unloving creature. Like all villains, he prefers lone victims."

"Now, Dr. Ormstead," Bixby said, adopting the crisp, cool voice he used when interviewing minor

celebrities, "aren't you really scaring all us poor snorkeling dubs needlessly? You don't want to spoil our vacation, do you?"

"Indeed, I don't," Dr. Ormstead said, and Bixby was delighted to see that it was her turn to reddens.

"Do you yourself know of anyone at St. Ursula who was ever attacked by a shark?"

"Well—there's no verified report of a shark attack in these waters, of course, but—" She hesitated. "There was an inexplicable case last year. And very sad. One of our biology exchange students—a big young Swede he was—disappeared just outside the reef last July. Sven Sörghurst was his name. We were, as a matter of fact, diving together near Black Virgin Cay. He was never seen again. A shark might have got him." She looked blankly up at the moon. She no longer seemed interested in holding her audience. But now she couldn't lose it.

"But if you were diving with him, didn't you see what happened?" Bixby was all the reporter.

Dr. Ormstead sighed. She lowered her voice and, strangely enough, stopped scooping her words.

"No," she said. "We'd gone out together. We were diving in a sandy channel that separates Black Virgin rocks from the reef. Quite shallow it was at that point. And I found a flying gurnard—a big fish that looks like a giant butterfly. Very rare fish—very in those parts. I wanted to get him ashore and photograph him before he lost his color. They pale out fast, you know, even in a salt-water bucket, so after I speared him I decided to get back in the rowboat, row him in and snap him. Sven said he'd stay until I got back. I wasn't gone more than half an hour. When I got back there was no sign of Sven. Absolutely gone. I rowed around for a bit. Finally I went back for a motorboat. We followed the current two miles out beyond Virgin Cay. That's when I saw sharks. No sight of him, ever. Body never recovered. Another student and I dived that day all over the area."

Bixby was implacable. "But you have no evidence, of any kind, that a shark got him?" She shook her head miserably.

"So it might have been a cramp?"

"It might have been," Dr. Ormstead conceded. Her voice was flat and gray as her hair and eyes. "But these waters are so warm . . . I have no theory. Sven understood the tides. They were with us that day. Or he might have got caught in the rip tide between the reef and Virgin Cay and scraped himself a bit bloody on the antler coral. And that would have been a real invitation to sharks. Blood in the water will bring sharks in almost every time." Her voice was slow and



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guzzled, "Just the same, Sven was a very fine diver and spear man. I am sure if it had been a shark, even though he was bleeding he could easily have saved himself."

"But how?" quivered the bride, who was delighted that Dr. Oornstad's story had given her young husband a public reason to put his arm protectively around her. "How could he have saved himself, even though he was bleeding?"

At precisely this point, Bixby saw a woman with a blonde head enter the bar alone at the other end of the terrace. He rose quickly from his chair, making apologetic noises in his throat about seeing an old friend. And without waiting to hear how the big Swede might have saved himself from the monster of the deep, he slunked toward the bar. This, as things turned out for Bixby, was an error. First, Dr. Oornstad was about to give him some useful advice; and second, when he reached the bar he saw that this blonde woman had short bleached hair and was well onto 40. She was not the apparition of the morning.

Bixby, feeling irritated, frustrated and more tired than he could have imagined after so relatively short a swim, polished off a double vodka on the rocks and headed for his cottage, mildly puzzled.

When the morning sun struck him awake, Bixby raised up in bed to look at his watch and groaned. It was 5:50 a.m. His head was throbbing.

Too damn little sleep, he thought. Too damn noisy cigarettes. Too goddam much gin.

He padded, bare-bodied and still snoring from the previous day's sun, across the light-spattered cottage room and went into the bathroom. He dropped an Alka-Seltzer tablet into a glass of water and while waiting for the water to fizzle away, stood glass in hand, looking out the bathroom window through the frosted foliage of the scarlet bougainvillea vines at the diamond-flashing sea.

Five hundred feet out, a black man in a small, white boat was rowing toward shore. The water around and under the boat was so translucent that it seemed airborne. On the beach, 50 steps from Bixby's cottage, two white herons strutted jerkily, searching for shell food. Their movements were as stiff, precise and silent as the rhythmically jerking oars of the black man's boat.

He stirred the Alka-Seltzer with his finger, downed it with a gulp and set the glass on the sill next to the Safety-Pak.

And then he saw the golden-haired, brown-limbed girl in the scarlet bathing suit. She stood, spear in hand, leaning against a big boulder in the edge-water, a water nymph



framed by the overarching limbs of a giant gregree tree on the shore. She waved at the black man, and he waved back. Then she leaned over and pulled on a big pair of blue flippers, adjusted her face mask and snorkel and walked crabwise into the aquamarine sea. She leveled off and headed out toward Hawk Point.

Bixby's heart bounded with sudden excitement, and his body swelled.

A man who always prided himself on playing it cool, he now obeyed an impulse. He flipped his bathing trunks from the shower-curtain rod over the tub, and slipped himself into them. He lifted the big blue full-face-plate mask from the tub faucet, grabbed the big pair of hoodless flippers from under the basin and turned to the bathroom door. Then it came to him that he had forgotten some piece of equipment he bought in the hotel gift shop the day before. *What the hell was it?* He turned back to the bathroom trying to remember, and caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror over the basin. Blond crew-cut, sharp nose eyes looking through the thick-lensed glasses, firm chin (he was glad he had shaved the night before) and straight, wide mouth. He twisted his lips into his well-known wry little smile, then widened it into his well-known boyish grin.

Remarkable face really. Handsome in a casual way. Yet the face of a shrewd reporter or a scholar. Certainly, a broadcasting president.

She would like that face. Most women did. He flung a towel around his neck and strode rapidly out on the little loggia of the cottage.

The girl was now swimming slowly about 75 feet off shore, paralleling the long curve of the beach toward Hawk Point, and the black man in the rowboat, feathering his oars, was standing out about 200 feet, waiting to escort her.

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When Bixby reached the shore, the beach waters had just begun to ripple under the morning breeze, like pale corduroy. But offshore the opalescent lagoon waters which divided the channel from the reef were still misty smooth. Except for the slight hangover and the queasy feeling in his empty stomach, where the Alka-Seltzer was now suddenly stirring up a little gaseous disturbance, Bixby felt fit. He moved knee-deep into the water, bundled his glasses into his towel and tossed the bundle back to the beach. He leaned happily against the rock, where she had leaned, and geared up. He figured that he could overtake her in 10 minutes, and he took off.



He had just cleared the milky sand bottom where little herds of whiskered white goatfish, white as doves against alabaster, were browsing and was over a bed of broken coral fragments studded with spiny sea urchins when it came to him what he had forgotten: the Safety-Pak on the bathroom window sill.

The hell with it, in a millpond like this.

The girl of his dreams he knew was swimming not more than 300 feet ahead of him. Tomorrow was time enough for the Safety-Pak, when he and she would go snorkeling again together.

Bixby never doubted that this would be the outcome of his present pursuit.

As he flipped along, lifting his head only occasionally from the water to note, in a myopic blur, the slowly ebbing boat ahead, he was suddenly overcome by a feeling of well-being. Looking down, it came to him that Old Mom Omstead was right: it was beautiful under the water. As he slipped along, the seascape 15, 20 feet below began to change. The tumble-down fragmented coral bottom gave way to sand again, where heaps of emerald seaweed swayed

in some gentle, invisible current. Soon he passed over the pumiced sand and was gliding over the random rocks that pranged out from the foothills of the promontory. He had been swimming about 15 minutes when he began to get his eye in on the bottom life of the rocky inshore reef, and the flashing shapes of the fish began to differentiate themselves one from another.

Bixby did not know their names, but with the eye of a trained reporter he made mental notes of their colors and contours: the ethereal blue and gold of the angelfish; the friendly-swimming golden striped snappers; the swift darting little wrasse that looked as though they were wearing blue and white and black striped collegiate blazers; the beazon gold and velvety black of the French angelfish; the bright blue tangs flying through the paler sea like winged sapphire saucers; the majestic yet silly-looking triggerfish with their blue and gold clown faces; the cream-colored and black four-eyed butterfly fish traveling always in amorous pairs; the spunky little black and yellow sergeant majors; the black, sluggish, ugly sea cucumbers like bits of giant's offal . . . all weaving and sailing over the colorful rocks and in and out of the catacombed coral.

Suddenly his heart gave a bump. Hanging motionless ahead of him was a long, gray, cigar-shaped fish with a row of ugly teeth. *Barracuda.* He knew that one anyway. He felt a thrill of fear in his groin.

Nothing down there ever attacks unless there's blood in the water.

Confidently, he flipped toward the barracuda. It hovered an instant, and so, in spite of himself, did Bixby. Then it vanished into the milky blue sea mark beyond the soft rim of visibility.

Now Bixby Bixby lifted his head from the water. The boat was a good distance away, off the end of Hawk Point, which it seemed about to round into Tortuga Harbor. Since he had last looked at the boat (and the girl) they had gained considerably on him.

He treaded water and looked back at the shore. He was further out than he had thought—possibly half a mile from shore and a quarter of a mile from the promontory.

My God, I'm puffing. At my age I ought to be in better condition. He floated face down for a few minutes, deciding when he caught his wind to head back to the cottage shore. Then he lifted his mask again out of the water. The rowboat (and the girl) had just begun to disappear around Hawk Point. Then he noticed that he seemed to be drifting easily in their direction. He floated, face down, motionless. No doubt of it: the tide was flowing strong but swiftly toward the promontory, and that meant (he thought) toward the harbor also. If he turned back to his own beach now he would have to buck it. He decided to let it carry him on to the point where, like the boat, he could leisurely round it and swim slowly into the hotel beach.

As he resumed his easy, measured flippering, his breath began to come more regularly. And face down, skimming in the swift tide over the waters like a great fish himself,

once again he became entranced with the world that lay beneath him.

Suddenly he noted the waters were growing deeper, and that the brain coral heads were rising higher. He did not bother to look up. He figured he must be nearing the promontory. Besides, the enchantment of the underwater world lay on him. When he encountered a huge golden fretted dome of coral, he treaded water for a minute over it, watching the red-gold squirrel fish and scarlet-backed big eyes wave tirelessly in and out of its thousand interstices. And then he flipped on.

Christ, what is that!

His heart pounded: from the bottom 30 feet below him a black-and-white spotted torii-like shape—three feet across—suddenly rose toward him. A leopard ray! But there came to him again the comforting dictum of Dr. Grinstead that nothing attacks the unbleeding mortal. And sure enough, the ray sailed innocently off, dragging its five-foot whiptail behind it.

When the leopard ray had departed, Bibby really began to enjoy his swim. He heard himself holding forth on the terrace that night:

I was snorkeling about 100 feet off the promontory shortly after dawn this morning. Saw the downiest thing. A 10- (better make it five) foot spotted ray. Zoomed up right beneath me, like a bat out of hell and circled me repeatedly. Damned scary if you've never met one of them. But finally he went off. And then I ran into a couple of barracuda. Ugly customers, aren't they?

Flipping slowly (and drifting swiftly) Bibby began to observe everything with extraordinary attention, so that he could later describe it in detail. It was 10 minutes before he lifted his head again, and then he made a somewhat unsettling discovery. He could see no girl and no rowboat. There was not even a small sail on the morning seas. Conch Beach lay two miles back and Hawk Point lay a mile behind him. He was plainly drifting away from them in the direction of the south end of the reef where the lagoon waters flowed into the Three-Mile Channel. A little white rim of surf was breaking over the long line of the reef. The channel had turned choppy, rippled by a stiffening trade wind.

Bibby treaded water hard and thought over his position. What was it Mom Grinstead had said to do if you got caught in the channel-sweeping tide? He could not remember. And for good reason: he had interrupted her. On the other hand, Bibby did not feel very tired. He could (he thought) make it back to his own beach, certainly to the promontory. He leveled off, heading for the beach, and found he was fighting an extraordinarily strong outgoing tide. Again Bibby remembered the Safety-Pak on the sill and cursed himself for his carelessness.

Scorable thing to do is better for help. Voices carry over the water.

He no sooner considered this idea than it became utterly repugnant to him. He would be exposed for the rest of his stay to the "I told you so's" of Mom Grinstead. And the contempt, when he met her, of the girl.

He made another decision. As he was clearly being borne toward the reef, when he reached it he would climb up on a coral rock, one of those great dome-shaped ones, rest and wait, either for the tide to turn or for the little sailboats and the putt-putts to emerge after breakfast from the harbor. Then he would hail one of them with a confident "Hel There! Take me in, will you?" Being stranded on the reef by a strong tide was understandable, even adventurous.

He flattened off on his face again and let the swift-moving waters carry him toward the upper end of the sea barrier. As the water grew shallower, the brain coral domes vanished.



Then, about 12 feet below him, there appeared a splendid sight. He was gazing down on a thick forest of golden antler coral. The forest's myriad uplifted frozen branches which touched and interlaced with one another were alive with great rainbow-colored parrot fishes with pale-blue lips, mottled groupers and lean gray barracuda.

As the uplifted branches of the golden forest swiftly rose toward the surface, they showed to Bibby's startled gaze their saw-toothed edges. He must swim free of those jagged branches. He turned and tried to flipper back away from the reef. But the rip tide that passed over it to join the sea-rushing waters of the channel had gripped him in a thousand hard fingers. He dared not fight against their hold with the full strength of his limbs, for the antler coral was now barely 10 inches below him. A hard kick or a deep arm stroke would strike his limbs against the jagged branches and rip them to ribbons.

Blood in the water will bring sharks in every three. . . .
Holding his breath and closing his eyes, Bibby grized his teeth and thrust his arms ahead of him like a diver, his whole body stiffened like a plank. And with a rush, the rip tide cur-

continued

ried him across the coral barrier. He had cleared the reef unscathed. He opened his eyes wide and looked down. The channel bottom was deep and dim. He was in the mouth of the ocean. There was no longer any doubt in Bixby's mind that he needed help now and needed it badly.

He lifted his head up and shouted a mighty shout. His mask rolled the sound back into his nose and throat, and his heavy breath fogged up the face plate. He put his hand to his mask to tear it off but remembered in time that without it he would be able to see neither what lay below nor above. There was nothing to do but wait until he got his breath, then lift the mask and shout again.

Now the passage tide was carrying him swiftly along the outside of the reef toward Black Virgin Cay. The dark, steep rock pile stood at the end of the coral reef line like Cerberus at the mouth of hell. Beyond it was the sea showing white caps rolling heavily toward the limitless horizon. Bixby was about to raise his mask to yell again when he realized he was now about three miles off shore, that he probably could not be heard, and that he might merely be wasting his precious breath and strength.

He strained his eyes for the sight of a speck near the shore which might mean a sail. He strained his ears for the sound of a motorboat. There was no sound in his ears except the soft, plangent waves, lapping against the forest of coral on the reef, and the cry of a flight of gulls, drifting like silver leaves in the air currents above.

We followed the current two miles out beyond Virgin Cay. That's where we saw sharks. . . .

Suddenly Bixby felt certain that the big Swede had met a bloody death in mid-ocean.

The goddam thing is absurd. This can't be me, in this jam.

He took another decision; to swim hard toward the reef, and then let the tide carry him parallel to it, until he came to the lower-lying rocks of Black Virgin. If he could only get close enough to those rocks, surely he could get a foothold on them somewhere.

He took hope and vigorously swam crosswise to the tide. And suddenly when he reached the outer edge of the reef he saw a break in it. He was looking down at a narrow sand-bottomed channel that ran through the antler coral forest back into the lagoon waters on the other side. And the other side of the reef was where he knew he had to get to again. With a burst of strength, fighting the tide fiercely with every ounce of bone and muscle, he headed into the small channel, following it like a ribbon through the wicked antler coral forest. Now the channel bottom was 15 feet below—twelve—eight—seven—six—five—and at last Bixby found a footing on the sand. He stood up, panting, and looked around. He was smack in the middle of the reef. The channel was a cul-de-sac. Between him and the lagoon, the antler coral rose on three sides several inches out of the water. He kept his balance for barely a minute. Then the racing out-tide waters swept him away, and once again he was over the antler coral. This time he was not so fortunate as the last; although he lay straight as a stick on top of the churn, the coral scraped his

sacked-in belly and chest like a thousand razors. And once again, he was out in the deep channel. But this time he was bleeding badly.

Blood in the water. Oh my God! Now there's blood in the water! My blood.

He was now not more than 300 feet from the low end rocks of steep Black Virgin Cay. With a renewed burst of energy he belted his way to the Cay, fighting the sea sweep, he knew now, for his very life.

With a sense of relief so tremendous he almost wept, he felt the hard pull of the waters slacken as he came into the dark shadows of the first sheer rocks.

The relief did not last long. Twenty feet from the black rocks there began for Bixby his first moments of real panic. Suddenly, he seemed to be caught in a silver blizzard of living creatures. A school of thousands upon thousands of tiny silversides closed in around him, now shining electric green, now shining mirror-white as they twinkled and swam in the sunlight. Enfolded in the vast cloud of little fishes, Bixby could no longer see anything under water in any direction. Then the cloud broke, as unexpectedly as it had formed. Or rather, it was broken. And through the break swam a splendid silver-and-gold fish that looked 15 feet long to Bixby. It was certainly five feet. His heart all but stopped with fright and closing his eyes against the sight of the big scaled monster, he swam steadily in the know-not-what direction. When he opened his eyes a few seconds later the glittering creature was accompa-



nied by six giant companions which all began to circle him majestically, viewing him coldly out of black eyes the size of tea saucers. Had Bibby only listened on the terrace the night before he would not have panicked, for he would have heard Dr. Ormstead saying "Oh, the tarpons in the channel are a splendid sight. They're absolutely godlike! But sweet. The friendliest fish to men in the ocean, except, of course, for the dolphin. . . ."

Then the seven tarpon went away and with them went that fearful cloud of unknowing, the multitudinous silversides. And Bibby realized, with a heart now-bounding with hope, that he was out of the channel sweep and swimming in clear, almost quiet water.

Bibby was indeed lucky. He had floundered his way into the only cove in the rocky Ciy. The cove, ringed by precipitous rocks, was deep and winding, and—when he penetrated it—calm and sheltered as a swimming pool. As he neared the head of the cove, Bibby spotted a rocky ledge which seemed about five feet below the surface. When he reached it, he dropped his legs and groped for it. The tops of his flippers barely touched it. He got a hand hold on a protruding rock on the sheer side of the stone cliff above the ledge and clung there, resting until he had caught his breath and the thumping of his heart had subsided. Then he took off his mask, and still holding with one hand to the rocky cove wall, treaded water and hekked and hollered. Then he listened. There was nothing but silence and the echoing slip-

slap of the waves against the channel face of Black Virgin.

He looked up at the sheer rocks that ringed him round. Overhead in the brilliant blue sky the great white clouds were tumbling and sailing, turning in and out on themselves, convoluting and involuting, evolving and dissolving as they drifted serenely before the silent wind. He was safe in the quiet cove. The question was—if his voice could not be heard—was he also imprisoned?

Bibby re-evaluated his position. Billions of people had died before. He knew that. Indeed, hundreds of thousands were dying this very minute. And no doubt many of them by drowning. The point was: he simply could not imagine himself as being one of them. Indeed the thought seemed so preposterous that it did not occur to him to call on God for help. Moreover, he thought, to do so would be an admission that he was no longer in any sense in command of himself—in short, was hopelessly *in extremis*. He looked down at his chest and belly. They had been scraped quite raw by the aniler coral, but they were no longer bleeding—definitely not bleeding.

It must now be close to 7:30. Surely, he thought, he would be missed at the hotel before lunchtime. Somebody would find his towel and glasses on the beach and send out a search party for him. Maybe the girl, or the black man in the boat, would remember having seen him following them, as they roamed the promenade, and begin by now to wonder what had become of him. But common sense told him that the girl might not have noticed him. Or if she had, would not give him whereabouts a thought. Suddenly Bibby hated the girl with a terrific passion.

The little bitch got me into this.

The thought of Dr. Ormstead came to him like a benediction. She would certainly ask somebody about him. She had liked him. She had tried to warn him about the rip tide, about how to get out of it . . . about blood in the water, and what to do, if bleeding, you met a shark. Even though he had not listened, Bibby loved Dr. Ormstead as he had never loved Mom. *She is the only one who can get me out of this.*

A long and unhappy hour passed in the cove for Bibby. During it, he shouted four times. The last time his voice was hoarse. His dry throat was as raw as the skin on his chest and belly. He wondered whether the next time he shouted only a whisper would come from his throat. Slowly he faced up to the fact that if he were not in the end to drown of sheer exhaustion in the cove, he must leave it. He began to find the courage to do so when he noted that the ebb tide had been reached (he could still not stand on the ledge) and that the water was rising in the cove. His heart leaped with hope. That could mean that the tide which had carried him out and away from Tortuga and Couch beaches might now carry him in. In any case by now, surely, oh most certainly! there would be boats putting out of the harbor, or passing through the channel.

Bibby's calculation was a sound one.

At that very moment a small boat of steel was leaving
At that very moment a small boat of steel was leaving
continued



the harbor. It was led by Dr. Ormstead, in the hotel speedboat. The speedboat was churning the shallows of the lagoon toward the channel. In the boat with Dr. Ormstead was a pretty girl, with long yellow hair, and several able-bodied male swimmers armed with nets, flots and lances.

Summoning all his will, Bibby turned his blistering back once again to the brazen sun and, hugging the wall of the cove, slipped slowly but resolutely toward the mouth of the inlet.

It was just 20 feet from the entrance that Bibby saw something lying on the bottom, 12 feet below him, that excited his hope—and drove him to his last error, but one.

His eye had lighted on that most unfamiliar of all things on the sea's bottom: a long straight line. Bibby was no diver, but he knew that there are no long straight lines in nature. Therefore the thing that lay below was an artifact—a man-made object. Bibby treaded water above it until he got his eye in. The visible end of the thin straight line lay in a nest of remorselessly twinkling sea urchins. The other disappeared from view into an underwater grotto. The grotto was about four feet high and as wide as a pair of double doors. Then Bibby saw what the object was: the lance of a spear gun. Dear, dear Mom Ormstead's words came to him. *The best way to meet a shark is face to face with a spear or belly.*

He gulped a great breath, dived and grabbed among the urchins for the spear. As his hand closed on it, he felt a pain so sharp that he surfaced shivering with its agony. His hand was a pincushion of vicious urchin-spines. Transferring the spear to his other hand, he treaded water, struggling against the red-hot pain. But in a minute the worst of it had passed and, feeling strangely exultant at being armed at last, Bibby leveled off and swam for the outlet. A sharp tug almost wrenched the spear from his hand. The long line at the spear's end told him that it was attached to something back inside the grotto. He tried to break the line, but it was strong nylon, well knotted to the shaft. Then it came to him that the line might be even more useful than the spear. If the channel tide was still sweeping seaward, he could twist it among the antler coral branches, play himself out and away from the reef like a hooked fish and wait, floating until a passing boat came within shooting distance.

Treading water, Bibby turned to face the grotto, and holding the spear in both hands, pulled hard. And then the thing came out of the grotto. It was the upper but useless half of a human skeleton, even quite clean by the little fishes. Under water it looked to Bibby like the skeleton of a giant.

If barracuda, leopard ray and antler coral had frightened Bibby, it was little compared to the dread which he now held of the cove and its grotto where the skeleton entangled in his spear line had met mysterious death.

Bibby dropped the spear, tore off the offending mask which had tripled the size of everything so monstrously. Both spear and mask sank as the skeleton of Sven Sorgharni settled back to rest on a cushion of urchins. And Bibby boiled his way to the mouth of the cove, where the swift

current caught him and debouched him into the channel.

Five feet from the entrance to the cove, Bibby saw the great black fish-form bearing down on him.

He might have made it to safety—indeed, he surely would have made it to safety—if he had remained to listen to Dr. Ormstead the night before explain what a man must never, no never, do when he meets a shark.

But he had not listened, and so Bibby, of course, did it. He panicked. He turned away from the on-swimming monster, flailing the water with a strength born of utter terror in the opposite direction. When the five-foot-long creature rushed him and nudged him with a hard snout, Bibby let out one last despairing scream, "Oh Mom! Oh Mom! Oh Mom help me!" The scream drowned out in his own ears the sound of the oncoming motorboat and the encouraging cries of Dr. Ormstead.

The last sight Bibby saw were 88 fine, jagged teeth reaching for his arm. Then his heart failed, his breath failed, and he drowned immediately. Down, down 30 feet the deep current carried him away silently.

Everyone in Tortuga Beach Hotel was very shocked by the death of Bryton Bibby. He himself would have been the most shocked of all could he have read the account of it in the *Washington Post* the following morning:

St. Ursula, V.I., Sept. 6 (AP)—Bryton Bibby, well-known Washington correspondent, age 35, unmarried, who was recently voted No. 1 Moon-Reporter, drowned in a calm sea three miles offshore in the Caribbean yesterday morning when he encountered a tame dolphin. The dolphin, named Undine, had escaped the night before from the aquarium of Dr. Vernon Pinkus, marine scientist stationed on St. Thomasina, a neighboring island.

The drowning took place in plain view of a search party of half a dozen motor and sailboats which had left Tortuga Beach a half hour earlier, looking for the escaped dolphin.

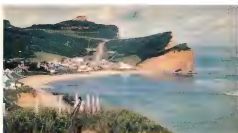
Dr. Myrtle Ormstead, a marine biologist stationed on St. Ursula, who witnessed the tragedy, said that the 6-foot-1 journalist had enthusiastically discussed his projected trip to the moon with her and other hotel guests the previous night. She thought he had probably gone for a long swim at dawn in order to keep himself in astronomical condition.

She surmised that Bibby, a nearsighted man, who was swimming without his mask or glasses, might have mistaken the dolphin for a shark and panicked.

"If that is the case, it's a shame," Dr. Pinkus, the dolphin's owner, said when interviewed. "Undine probably heard him call for help and she probably wanted to give him a ride back to shore."

Bibby's body was recovered several hours after the drowning. It was picked up a few feet off Conch Beach, near Bibby's own cottage where the incoming tide had borne it. It was sighted from a searching speedboat by Dr. Ormstead and a visitor on the island, Miss Helen Lindley, daughter of James C. Lindley, president of the Liberty Broadcasting Company.

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Pre-race pageantry: arrival of the Governor General at the Queen's Plate, Toronto



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twice a day he takes a vacation. Driving to work in the morning and making the run home at night, he's the most carefree man on the street. Why should this be? In basic terms, a Corvette is little different from other cars. Stiffer suspension maybe, more efficient brakes, a lot more acceleration. . . . But where's the romance, the excitement we talk about? *Here's where:* It's the high pitched sound of that lovely V8 engine in full song . . . the feel of the sun on the back of your neck as you swing out of the parking lot and point that powerful machine toward home. . . . It's anything you do in a Corvette, even if it might have been dull in other, lesser cars. Heck, Corvette people can get as much kick out of driving to work as some of us get from a trip to Europe!

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this **SUMMER**
AT THE SHORE





Photographs by GORDON PARKS



TENT-SHAPED BEACH DRESSES are on their way (this one is a Carmen G. design). New for men are striped, belted crew shorts (these by RFD).



WARM IN THE CHILL of the breaking sea, the girls delight in the hair
brilliance of the sun. Softly draped suits of fluid silk perceptually reveal the
natural form of the body. Both were designed by Ruth Greenleaf.







A SUNFLOWER glows vividly on a beach dress designed full and fluid—for sunning or setting off a tan, for wading or to slip on after a swim. This one, by Carmen G., is in sharkskin.

FOR ACTION ON THE SAND there are trunks by Catalina, a shirt by RFD. For the passive, Mister Pants offers a mosaic-print one-piece swimsuit, good for lazing or lurching.





FOR SWIMMERS, the classic knitted swimsuit gives great freedom in Rose Marie Reid's pink Orlon, Jantzen's stretch trunks, Catalina's blue Helanca.

FOR LOAFERS, there are way-out choices like Tina Leser's boldly striped beach abroad, Ulla's bell-bottom trousers and orange stretch-terry T shirt.

The clothes on this and the preceding pages can be found at the following stores. Pages 68 and 69: beach dress, \$16, B. Altman; man's shorts, \$13, Lord & Taylor; beach hat by Thorne Africa. Pages 70 and 71: striped swimsuit, \$16, mail-order swimsuit, \$26, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Neiman-Marcus. Pages 72 and 73: playsuit, \$15, Bergdorf Goodman; straw beach hat, Lily Dache; man's beach shirt, \$13, Lord & Taylor; trunks, \$4, Deanna's; beach dress, \$26, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Neiman-Marcus. Page 74: pink swimsuit, \$24, blue swimsuit, \$26, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Neiman-Marcus; trunks, \$6, Meier & Frank. Page 75: beach abroad, \$39, Bergdorf Goodman; bell-bottom pants, \$15, T shirt, \$9, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Neiman-Marcus.



Small but potent liters

Skill won for Stirling Moss at Monte Carlo, but 1961 shapes up as a horsepower race for Grand Prix honors

Like a man who comes around a street corner and suddenly finds himself leading a parade, Stirling Moss of Great Britain was the unexpected star of the Monte Carlo Grand Prix opener last Sunday and in the end ran off with all the honors. The parade in this case was provided by Italy, with three Ferraris which finished, entirely on schedule, A-B-C, the only flaw in their planning being that Moss in his underprivileged Lotus somehow got in ahead of them early in the race—and stayed there to finish AA.

How he did it probably only Moss could say. In his second consecutive victory over the demanding Monte Carlo run, it became apparent that whatever handicaps he may be laboring under—and in this case it was an engine which is at least a year behind the Ferrari's new 1½-liter Formula 1 design—he always has something special on which to draw as long as the machinery holds up. The most strenuous efforts of California's Richie Ginther, who followed him closely all the way, were not enough to shake him, even when Ginther turned a lap in 1:36.3 to equal Moss's best. And Phil Hill, finishing third, also

pushed his red Ferrari to the limit without being able once to take the lead which pace experts believed was his for the asking. As for world champion Jack Brabham, who rushed back to Monte Carlo just in time to make the starting lineup after his qualifying lap at Indianapolis, he was never in contention, leaving the race in the end with engine trouble.

Despite Moss's brilliant performance Monte Carlo clearly showed the fix that Britain is in as the 1961 Grand Prix season gets fully under way. Having held out to the end against the new ruling of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, which limits engine sizes to 1½ liters (roughly the equivalent of a Class G sports car), the British found themselves stuck with the 2½-liter engines of yesterday. They have had to borrow interim power plants from last year's Formula II to get this season's Grand Prix cars on the road. And though they managed to bring the weight minimum down to 450 kilograms (990 pounds) from the 500 kilograms at first contemplated (the FIA had the mistakes notion that reducing engine size while keeping car weight up would make for slower and therefore



EMERYSON

safer racing), they found their Continental competitors, who accepted the new ruling from the beginning, far ahead of them in the new formula when the season began.

A classic test of horsepower

That Ferrari, with a V-6 engine, and Porsche, a brand-new Grand Prix entry, already have a decided advantage in the power race which is developing. Coventry-Climax and BRM of Britain are both working now on V-8 power plants, but they are barely beyond the design stage and are not likely to figure this year. Emeryson, a new design by Paul Emery, who has long hidden his genius behind such names as Vanwall and Cooper, is, with its Maserati engine, still an unknown but not too highly rated quantity. This year's Grand Prix racing will be a classic test of who can get the most horsepower out of the cubic centimeters available. High revolutions—up to 10,000 per minute; multispeed gearboxes—up to six speeds in the Porsche; and, finally, cornering ability will be at least as important as driving skill.

In previous years, with larger engines allowed, a difference of 10% in power



COOPER-CLIMAX



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FERRARI



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output between two rivals could be made up by the superior skill of a star, but now this difference is much more critical, for with 116.5-hp engines the power output is down to a growing 170-hp level with not much in reserve. This will certainly make the 1981 Grand Prix competition an exciting affair right down to the checkered flag. At Monte Carlo, after he slipped into the lead at 13 laps, Moss was under relentless pressure through all of the 87 laps remaining, and only his supreme adroitness at cornering saved him, Moss being Moss, no one can get him out of the running for the drivers' championship but, facts being facts, more powerful cars than his—or, for that matter, Brabham's Cooper—must be considered likely to take top honors in the long run. Thus Dan Gurney and Phil Hill both stand in excellent chance. Hill became he is a driver of steadily increasing skill with the most powerful (190 bhp) of this year's Formula 1 cars, and Gurney because the Porsche's new flat-8 engine looks very promising. But the real battle will be among the manufacturers, who will fully deserve their own world championship award. 1981, by every indication, will be the year of the car. **END**

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A humblin' tournament

Not one of the 57 players in Fort Worth's Colonial equaled par, but Doug Sanders hung on gamely to remain in the year's third biggest money winner

Every golfer who has ever been tempted to stash his clubs permanently in the attic or sell them at the church rummage sale should have been at the Colonial National Invitation Golf Tournament in Fort Worth last weekend. He might have changed his mind after watching Ben Hogan dump an easy little pitch shot into a lake, or Mike Souchak take a 6 on a par 3, or Lloyd Mass-grum take a quintuple bogey 9 on the par-4 10th hole. What the Colonial Country Club course did to 57 of the best golfers in the world reminds one of Bobby Jones's favorite Scottish aphorism: "O'off is a humblin' game."

Doug Sanders, a sturdy, handsome young Georgian who swings a golf club something like your Uncle George with a hangover, was the eventual winner, but even with rounds of 69, 67 and 70 he still finished with a one-over-par 281, having been blown to a 73 by the 30-mile-an-hour wind that came galloping across the course on the second day. The fact is that at this last major tournament before the U.S. Open in June, one had a chance to see what a truly difficult game golf can be when it is played on a course with serious problems.

As the field started the last round on Sunday after 54 holes of play, only Gene Littler stood under par, and he by a single stroke. Bill Casper Jr. and Arnold Palmer were a stroke behind Littler with even-par 210s. One over par at 211 was Sanders. By the time Littler had bogeyed the 5th hole, a treacherous 459-yard par-4 dogleg bordering the Trinity River, no one was under par.

It is tempting to say that Colonial, being the kind of tight and trying course it is, offered a pretty good farm chart for the Open, but that would be only half true. Gary Player, for instance, had

innumerable difficulties the first two days, and only by dint of a marvelous 68 on Sunday was he able to climb as high as a tie for ninth with an eight-over-par 288.

Palmer, who will be defending the Open championship, slipped to sixth place on Sunday with an erratic 75. Souchak, who had led the tournament after 36 holes with a one-under-par 139, played his last two rounds in 10 over par to tie for 15th. These and many other likely contenders at Oakland Hills can't be downgraded too far for what they did at Colonial.

Nonetheless, Doug Sanders' performance at Fort Worth is a reminder that this very steady golfer with the abbreviated backswing has developed into one of the half dozen most consistent performers in the professional troupe. He is not a long hitter of the likes of Palmer and Souchak, but, as he was saying after his victory, "I think I've only been out of bounds five times since I joined the tour in the middle of 1957." His total winnings so far this year, including the \$7,000 he took home from Fort Worth, now come to \$26,760—a comfortable third on the list behind Player and Palmer.

Well-earned rest

As one of the three leading money winners on the tour through May 21, Sanders automatically qualifies for the 1961 Open. Late last Sunday afternoon, sitting beside his pretty young wife Joan, a former Miami Beach model, Sanders gripped her hand and said with a Georgian twang, "I told Joan as I came

continued

RECOVERING FROM ROUGH. Colonial winner Sanders chips ball out toward green.



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GOLF continued

down the 18th that if that little old First Flight ball went in that little old hole in four blows I'd take her off on a little old trip to Acapulco. So that's what we're gonna do tomorrow."

Sanders, like all the other pros, can probably use the rest, for tournament golf—or at least that refinement of it played on the tour—has changed considerably in the past few years. It has become more difficult. Time was when names as obscure as the supporting cast of 77 *Summer Strip* were turning up week after week with 60s and 60s.

The trend is now in the opposite direction, thanks largely to the prestige that grew around courses like the Augusta National, where a man has to be able to use all 14 clubs in his bag to negotiate the full 18 holes. It is now customary to toughen up the weaker courses of the circuit when the pros are coming to town, and it is getting to be a matter of local pride to brag about what a miserable time Palmer and Fisterwald and Souchak and Little had at the Sandtrap Valley Club.

But, as last week's activities in Fort Worth proved, for the 15th time since the tournament was started in 1946, there is no need to toughen up Colonial. It is one of the courses along the pro trail that can take care of itself in the presence of the very finest golfers anywhere. Built near Forest Park in the southwest part of town, it is a woodland course, meandering gracefully amongst live oaks, hickories, dimes and willows. The trees and a few placid creeks are the natural hazards of Colonial, and they guard the long, bending fairways with easy hostility. When the wind blows briskly off the Texas plains, as it did on the second day, their truculence becomes severe.

On that second day Mike Souchak made his way around the course in par 70, a figure that only Gene Little and Art Wall Jr. could match in such blowy weather. On the day before, when the Texas climate had been more benevolent, eight of the 57 most capable golfers you could assemble in this country had managed to get around the course in par or better, including as almost unbelievable 65 by Kel Nagle, the current British Open champion (the next day, in the wind, Nagle shot a 76).

When a reporter asked Souchak if the course was tough, he replied, "This is my eighth year here [Souchak won

the Colonial in 1956], and I've got plenty of respect for this golf course. I know it well enough to know that you can't shoot at those pins for those birds, or else you're gonna end up with a lot of fives and sixes.

"This is a course where you've gotta drive good, but you don't have to be a great putter here. You get down in two putts all the way around and you're gonna be all right if you're driving O.K. Of course, a few of those puns are going to drop for you, but you can't force this course."

In his way, Mike Souchak was describing one reason why the Colonial has taken such a short time to work its way into one of the handful of truly important events on the golf calendar. The Colonial comes only five weeks before the Open and provides the last stern examination of the current aptitude of the country's best pro and amateur golfers. In eight of the previous 14 Colonials one of the first five prize-winners has gone on to win the Open.

Blazing a path

Even more important to its success is the fact that the Colonial has been a pioneer in the movement to make something more of the tournaments on the tour than just four-day exhibitions by a bunch of itinerant athletes. Unashamedly taking its lead from the Masters, the Colonial opens its doors only to the golfers it wants, and this year's entry list of 57 was the largest in its history. Through a system of selection as complicated as a tax form, it manages to invite all the current PGA champions, the leading amateurs, a platoon of representative foreigners, the leading PGA money winners and a few venerable bachelors of golf like Hogan and Byron Nelson. The Colonial has even borrowed a little of the perillage of the Masters, such as dressing up its officers in club blazers (in this case Royal Stewart tartan) and its Negro caddies in uniform white coveralls.

Peopled Fort Worth isn't yet ready to compare its performance to the one at Augusta. However, it doesn't mind claiming second place. But holding second place may not be too easy in the years to come, for lots of other communities are latching on to the idea. Both the new, enlarged Crosby at Pebble Beach and the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas are examples of this kind of special tournament that has a character all its own.

END



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Pick at 11 to eat at lunch

If they are to be eaten at luncheon time," insists the chef thought by many to be the greatest in all France, "the peas should be gathered in the garden no earlier than 11 o'clock." Not every compiler of recipes can permit himself to be quite so exacting as Chef Alexandre Dumas (SI, June 8, '59), whose kitchen garden at the famed Hôtel de la Côte d'Or in Saclay is always green with fresh vegetables in summertime. But most of those who like good food, whether they boast gardens or not, will confess to a prejudice in favor of newly picked vegetables in season.

Thanks to 20th century science, seasons are now almost a thing of the past in cookery. Today's vegetables can be

for months or even years in the magical enchantment of a freezer and, like Sleeping Beauty, be awakened still seemingly young and alive as ever. The trencherman may be truly grateful for the occasional out-of-season wonder of "fresh" broccoli in January or golden corn on the cob in April, but if he has a real appreciation of the nuances of taste in fresh foods he will find a still greater delight in peas picked at 11 to be eaten at noon.

One way to savor this wonder from season to season is, of course, to plant one's own garden. Another way, more practical for urbanites, is to haunt the big produce markets in the early hours of the morning. Virtually all American cities boast one or more such markets

where, in barrows still warm with the scent of earth and sun, the city housewife can find foods which only a few hours before were growing in the soil. A mouth-watering sample is shown at the right in a photograph made by Jerry Cooke at the Farmers Market in Los Angeles.

Chicago's South Water Market is another urban oasis where every dawn sees new loads of garden sass roll in from the truck farms of Illinois and Wisconsin. In addition to three huge "terminal markets" (in downtown Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn) New York has many small markets, such as Balducci's in Greenwich Village, where apartment dwellers can find vegetables still daisy with the soil of Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut and upstate New York.

This then is the time to forget defrosting and return to old simplicities like shelling, peeling, scraping and washing. Fresh vegetables are a vital adjunct to any menu. Seasoned with the season itself and combined in the jardinière described at left, they can even stand on their own as a summery one-dish meal.

JARDINIÈRE

1/2 pound lean salt pork or bacon, sliced
2 tablespoons butter
1 pound young carrots, scraped
12 small onions, peeled
2 teaspoons flour

2 pounds fresh green peas (weight before shelling), shelled
1 pound new potatoes, scraped
Small bunch fresh herbs
Bay leaf
Sugar, salt, pepper

Brown salt pork or bacon in the butter in a heavy pan. Add carrots and onions and cook for about 3 minutes. Sprinkle flour into the pan and then add enough hot water to cover. Put lid on the pan and cook slowly 15 minutes. Next put in the peas, potatoes, herbs, a little sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for another 25 minutes. Serve 6.

FRESH FROM THE FIELDS and ready to be plucked by dawning August are cucumbers, parsnips, ascarole, red peppers, green and white cabbage, carrots, mushrooms, squash, French endive (or 2½ L. lettuce (1½)), red cabbage, radishes, green peppers, parsley, spinach.



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Jolly Jack rides again

That's Jolly Jack Price, who has a few words for Carry Back's rivals in the Preakness

There's not much doubt in anybody's mind that Kentucky Derby Winner Carry Back should be odds-on to win this week's \$150,000 Preakness, and as usual there will be nobody on the grounds outdoing Carry Back's owner-trainer, Jack Price, in the department of blunt opinions. "He's never looked or felt better in his entire life," said Jolly Jack last weekend. "As a matter of fact, I'm beginning to think that Carry Back is either a great horse or that everything else is a burn. Except for Crozier, the more I see of them all and the more I read of the inconsistent way they run, the more I'm sure they are burns."

Carry Back will be opposed by six or seven horses, of whom only three or four can be considered upset candidates. Four who finished in the first five behind Carry Back in the Derby will give it another try. Crozier, naturally, has to try again. Sherlock and Globemaster are on the grounds, and Dr. Miller warmed up with an easy win in last Saturday's Preakness Prep—a better affair on a muddy track against a pair of unworries named Might Is Right and Crimson Fury. Both these two probably will be back, although heaven knows why.

From New York may come Hitting Away, winner of The Withers, and some or all of a group of beaten Withers horses including Nashua, Blay, Vapor Whirl and Fountain Hill. From New England comes a rumor that Deleaux Doge, well-beaten in the recent Blue Grass Stakes by Sherlock, will ship in to prove that this damnable showing as well as other so-so-performances were all horrible mistakes.

None of these should bother Carry Back in the least. Nor should it matter that the Preakness is shorter by one-

sixteenth of a mile than the Derby, that Pimlico has a slightly shorter stretch than Churchill Downs, that Pimlico has tighter turns or that the racing surface itself might be fast and thus nullify Carry Back's apparent fondness for off tracks. Carry Back is simply the best horse and has a disturbing habit of steadily reducing the effectiveness of his victims (all but Crozier, that is) after pinning their ears back a couple of times. Even Crozier may not be immune to this kind of treatment forever.

Globemaster, who set the early pace in the Derby, threw a stifle in his right hind leg (roughly the same as a human athlete pulling a knee or shoulder momentarily out of joint). Even if this doesn't force Globemaster's retirement, one doesn't trifle with a stifle, and there's no telling when this sort of injury will occur again. Sherlock, Dr. Miller and Hitting Away appear to be ready for top efforts, which is saying something in this day of wear and tear.

Carry Back, under John Sellers again, undoubtedly won't be 16 lengths off the pace up the backstretch, as he was in the Derby. Sellers knows that Dave Erb tried it that way with Needles in 1956 and never got up in time to beat Fabian. "Seven or eight lengths off the pace this time will suit us fine," says Price. "No doubt there will be 1,000 self-appointed experts telling Sellers exactly how to ride my colt, and no doubt I'll be the only one who won't tell him one word. Johnny knows everything about this horse and exactly how to ride him."

As Jack Price adapted himself to his new environment by switching from Kentucky bourbon to Maryland rye, somebody asked him if he considered the Preakness "just another horse race." "Of course not," he said, showing off a solid gold stop-watch given to him by Churchill Downs President Whitten Knebelkamp. "The Preakness is richer than the Derby, isn't it?"

END

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Steam's up on the Reading!

Puffing out of the past, steam locomotives are getting a warm welcome from railroad fans

The railroad fan, like the arrowhead collector, is unwilling to let bygone be bygone. Ever since steam locomotives, once running 65,000 strong, faded out in the U.S. in the late 1940s, he has clamored persistently for their return, if only on an excursion basis. With other railroad business depressed, many lines have perked up to this call for steam, and today some 15 of them have swept out the sparrows' nests and rehired the first under-cutoff vehicles. For anyone who longs to live again in railroad-ing's romantic past, to breathe deeply of caustic coal smoke puffing nostalgically from a stack, to tolerate a sifting of soot in his hair and to hear the vaporous melancholy of a steam chime, the trips available are a bargain in nostalgia.

Best of the bargain is offered by the Reading Company, which has been promoting excursions since the fall of 1959. Most of the other lines providing steam engine excursions do so on a charter basis, requiring a guarantee to cover expenses, but the Reading apprentices actually scheduled runs. A railroad well known in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and to Monopoly players the world over (who have bought and sold it many times in that famous parlor game), the 128-year-old Reading has polished up two single-passenger engines it retired a decade ago, and will use them this year on 12 different one-day excursions—or, as it calls them, "Iron Horse Rambles." The response has been astonishing—and only the dedicated railroad buffs have



GOING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN, the Reading's old No. 2900 pulls for pictures.

turned up for a ride but so many passengers of more general but no less enthusiastic persuasions that the Rambles are now making money for the Reading on their own. In 200 years 16,000 people have ridden the Reading under steam.

To make its trains widely available, the Reading customarily shifts the route of the excursions each week, and last week's was a \$10 round trip from Jenkintown, Pa. (a Philadelphia suburb) to Gettysburg. Fourteen open-window passenger coaches, borrowed from the commuter division, were hitched up to the engine behind a baggage car thoughtfully provided for those who wanted to keep the magic of their trip forever on tape recorders (a freeloader in an MG chased the train for 45 miles, taping its

passage at crossings). A Reading-built Northern Class 4-8-4 engine, railroad jargon for a locomotive with eight drive wheels and four-wheel trucks before and behind, chuffed throatily as the passengers climbed aboard. "It was just such an engine as this," said a Manhattan man who reads railroad timetables for relaxation, "that once pulled the Santa Fe's Super Chief." "And her whistle," added a Philadelphia man who tunes church organs and has worn out two records of steam engine noises, "is pitched in the key of A." "Shucks," said the conductor, "these people know more about trains than we do."

At 7:30 a.m., with a sustained flourish of A-pitched toots, the train clanked out of Jenkintown while the passengers settled down to soak up nostalgia in their various fashions. Of the 700 on board, at least a fourth were frustrated engineers. Costumed in the traditional trainman's paraphernalia of ticking caps, goggles and red bandannas, they leaned professionally (weight on right arm, left hand free for the throttle) out the windows. The most thoroughgoing was one man in his overalls of blue-and-white ticking who revealed himself as a priest from Boston, known in his parish (he confided) as Father Choo-Choo.

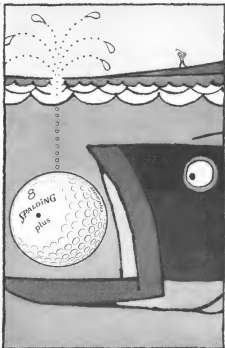
try and detain

Along with these truly dedicated brethren of the rails were some 300 middle-of-the-track amateurs, best exemplified by two undergraduates from the University of Pennsylvania. "We wear hats, goggles and bandanna. All right," they said, "but mostly it's just part of the act." "Look," added one, "underneath my jacket I've got an Ivy League shirt."

Far to the right of the other two categories were those who had taken the trip just to see the scenery. A group tolerated by the buffs, they are called "daisy pickers" behind their backs, and, as one summed up her day: "It was nice, but what I really enjoyed was seeing this pheasant sitting on a rock near Hershey. He was awfully pretty, just sitting there, just watching the train go by."

A standard procedure on any steam excursion these days is the "high-speed picture stop." The idea is to give the passengers a chance to see and photograph the locomotive in action head-on at some picturesque curve. Last week's site was Mt. Holly Springs, Pa., and while those with cameras calculated E stops and shutter speeds, the engine backed up for a mile. Then, with con-

—continued



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THE COMPLETE ENGINEER, a boy tries to explore a past he's too young to remember.

TRAVEL continued

siderable drama of smoke, whistle and bell, it lunged back down the track. "Now that," said a Philadelphia lawyer, "was worth \$10 by itself. The main reason I came was to show my 4-year-old boy what a steam engine is all about. Maybe the next time he sees one it will have been converted into an ivy planter, but at least he'll know enough to look the other way."

After a tour of the Gettysburg battlefield, the excursionists reboarded. By this time, the litter of lunch scraps was underfoot, the soot on the seats was becoming a little too realistic and the would-be engineers had cricks in their necks. Only the real engineer up front, normally a foreman, had not had enough. Wrenching and manipulating his assorted levers and valves, sweat beading his blackened face, he shouted over the racket: "You think I'm working, don't you? Well, I'll tell you, Mister, I'm having one hell of a good time." **END**

PRICE OF ENTHUSIASM is paid by nerve, tested by Reading doctor for cinder in eye.





Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

Look at this dashing shirt Goodwife Pepperell has designed — it's called "The Cotton Cay"!

Up to now Mother never thought much of herself as a designer. But, dreaming by the sea one golden afternoon, she got an inspiration. And the result is this remarkably good-looking sports shirt.

Of course, as you may perhaps have guessed, she conjured it up out of a wonderful Pepperell wash-wear cotton. (But then she always dresses the family in sports clothes tagged Pepperell!)

Why? She knows these cottons actually live up

to what the tag promises. They will machine-wash. Won't fade, shrink, or wrinkle. Need the merest touch of the iron. And are "Sanforized Plus" to boot.

She knows, too, the island-inspired colors and textures have a decidedly original flavor.

And she has utter confidence in Pepperell wash-wear, for they come from the same famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over one hundred years.



After his brilliant but erratic welterweight, Vinny Foster, had been killed in an auto accident, Jack Hurley, the tall, thin, caustic manager and promoter who has a genius for developing mediocre fighters into rich ones, began snooping around for another boxer. Into his office one day in 1969 walked a skinny middleweight named Harry Matthews, who had won 67 out of 70 fights on the West Coast, had been fighting for

12 years and had succeeded only in getting deep into debt. Hurley agreed to take him on for his usual 50%. Matthews screamed in anguish. "Listen, young man," said Hurley, "you've been boxing for 12 years and you've made exactly nothing. Now, 50% of nothing is nothing. You don't know how lucky you are. What is happening is that you are getting 50% of me."

Hurley watched his new gladiator

work out and was appalled. "He got all his ideas from amateur. It's a wonder he hadn't been seriously hurt. His idea of how to defend himself was to grab and run. That's all he knew. He didn't even know how to eat. He'd eat two meals a day. I said, 'If you were a truck driver, would you eat like that?' He said, 'No, driving a truck is hard work. If I were a truck driver, I'd eat like one.' I said to him, 'Let me tell you something, young

PART II:
DON'T CALL ME HONEST

FIFTY PERCENT OF HARRY

by JACK OLSEN

The further adventures of Jack Hurley, the remarkable old fight manager who says, 'Don't call me honest. You'll ruin me.' Here Honest Jack takes a nothing boxer named Harry Matthews (at right, with Hurley), spoon-feeds him through 35 straight victories and gets him a fight with Rocky Marciano



men. If you and I are to stay together, you'll work so hard you'll think truck driving is a soft racket. Don't ever lose sight of the fact that fighting is a hard and brutal business, and you gotta be in shape for it. From now on you eat like a truck driver." He did, and he finally went up to 182 pounds.

"But oh, he was such a bad fighter at first. He couldn't punch, he couldn't take a punch. He was an agony fighter.

Looking at a fighter that can't punch is like kissing your mother-in-law."

Harley brought Matthews along slowly and one night got him into the ring with a carefully selected opponent who had had only 12 fights and was too light to cope with Matthews. "I figured Matthews would make his name overnight," says Harley. "He figured to knock the kid out easy. But it went 10 rounds and nobody got hit, although Matthews won the decision. The next day Matthews comes into the office, and he says, 'How did you like the fight?'

"I says, 'What fight?'

"He says, 'Last night.'

"I says, 'Harry, that was the most disgraceful thing I ever saw. If you and that kid were to go down to the street corner right now and go through the same antics, that traffic cop wouldn't even come over and break it up.'"

But Harley has never needed a superfighter; all he needed now was a property, and Matthews, game and willing to learn, was it. The two of them set up shop in Seattle, and Harley began the great campaign. Traveling the Northwest like a couple of drummers, Harley and Matthews built up a legend that still has boxing's public-relations experts scratching their heads in amazement. The soft-punching, glass-chinned Matthews reeled off a dazzling skin of 33 consecutive wins, 28 by knockouts, and even began to learn a little about boxing. Harley explains in detail how the feat was accomplished:

"I made sure he didn't fight any great fighters. I picked 'em mostly by their styles, guys that had styles just right for Matthews. So all his fights appeared to be unattractive. I wouldn't put

him in there with a fencer and a runner, because this guy isn't gonna fight, and he isn't gonna let you fight. By the time Matthews runs him down and gets him cornered where he might nail him, the guy jumps into a clinch and the referee rescues him, and he's off and running again. This doesn't make for a good fight or good box office, and even if Matthews wins he has hurt his earning power. So I always picked fighters that really wanted to get in there and fight and lick my fellow, and while they were doing this my fighter was counterpunching and looking great."

As the string of victories began building, sportswriters started to take notice of Matthews, and Harley decided it was time to throw his "athletic" in with a genuinely tough opponent. "Irish Bob" Murphy. At first glance the fight looked like a cinch for Murphy, and the bookies made him the favorite. Murphy was a sort of left-handed, junior-grade, muscle-bound Marciano; he turned every fight into a street fight, and few could beat him in a street fight. As a pure boxer, however, he would not have lasted six rounds with Maria Casperskaya. Harley knew this, and he also knew that there was one thing Matthews could do superlatively well, and that was fight a southpaw. "He had an instinct for fighting them, and by now he also knew how to fight a guy who comes to him. The fight was a natural for him."

At the end of the seventh round there came one of those moments that determine whether a manager is worth 50%, 30%, or nothing. Matthews had been hit hard on the chin and generally mauled around. He came back to his corner, flopped in the chair and made it plain he could not go on. No one would have blamed him. Harley jumped in front of the exhausted fighter and blocked his view of Murphy sitting relaxed across the ring. "What a hell of a break!" Harley whispered. "Murphy ain't coming out!" Matthews tried to peer around Harley for a look, but Harley kept getting in the way. "Listen," Harley said, "I don't think he can come out, but if he does, Harry, step around, move around and let him fall right on his face." Dodging from side to side to



Book Matthews' view, Hurley poured out an avalanche of phony encouragement: "What a break! And you just getting your second wind at a spot like this! Listen, when the 10-second whistle blows you stand up and glare at him over there. Now, Harry, you got your second wind, you're fine, get in there and feint and let him fall flat on his kisser." The 10-second warning blew, and Matthews jumped to his feet, staring at Murphy. Hurley recalls: "Murphy looked back at him as if to say, 'Why, that dammy so-and-so, he ain't even tired.'" The inspired Matthews went on to win the last three rounds and the decision. Later Hurley explained his psychology:

"You can't sympathize with a tired fighter. He's looking for sympathy, he's abused, the poor athlete. I got to shock him. I can't give him a slap in the kisser, which is what I'd like to do, and say, 'Well, yeh dog yeh, you're in here, ain'tcha? Now get out there and fight.' No, I gotta make him believe he's caught his second wind and the other guy's through. And it worked. Matthews told me he woke up in bed the next morning and said to himself, 'How did Hurley know I caught my second wind?'"

With this win, plus one over Rex Layne, Matthews and Hurley had the omission for an assault on the IBC's lock on the heavyweight championship and the big money. Jersey Joe Walcott was the champion. Rocky Marciano was the No. 1 contender. Hurley began a whirling dervish publicity campaign to force a Marciano-Matthews fight, the winner to meet Walcott for the title. The IBC wanted no part of a Marciano-Matthews fight; if Matthews should score a lucky win, Hurley would become a powerful figure in the heavyweight picture, and the IBC and Hurley were deadly enemies. Hurley began making cracks like: "How about Marciano, this great star they're keeping in cellophane? Did he or did he not stink out the joint with Lee Savold?" The campaign took hold. Wrote Frank Graham later: "By word of mouth, person to person or on radio or TV, in letters to newspapers or interviews with sportswriters, Hurley created such an uproar that it reached

the halls of Congress where Senators and Representatives howled that Matthews was being discriminated against." The heat was on from Washington; the IBC had to give in.

Stuck with the fight, the IBC began beating its own publicity drums, but Hurley got all the lines. He lampooned Marciano's talents so convincingly that Toots Shor was moved to remark: "If I listened to Hurley for a week, I'd take off 30 pounds and fight Marciano myself." Hurley boomed Matthews as the all-American boy, told one sportswriter: "Harry and his wife are unusual people and very decent and, while I'm no softy, I'm beginning to get an emotional kick out of seeing how well they are getting along and how wonderfully happy they are. I sometimes go over to their home in the evening just to enjoy the wholesome character of the place and the lovely kind of life they live." Brushing away a tear, Hurley would go back to his hotel and wait for the quote to appear in print, whereupon he would buy 500 of the papers and mail the clipping to sportswriters all over the country, who in turn would describe the touching scene in its endearing entirety. The fact was that Matthews and his wife, later divorced, were fighting like wildcats, but Hurley did not feel that this information would help the gate.

The IBC sent out prefight placards bearing a picture of Hurley leaning over Matthews in the corner. No one could remember when a manager had ever been pictured on such a placard, and Hurley asked James D. Norris about it. Explained Norris: "Matthews is nothing without you." It was one of Norris' truer utterances.

The fight was held on July 28, 1952. There are those who say it was a grotesque mismatch from the beginning, that Matthews never had a chance. Jack Hurley, who no longer has a Matthews as to who, thought and thinks differently, and he backed up his opinion with a \$10,000 bet on his man. "There is a way to beat any fighter," he says. "If Harry had never heard of Marciano or even had been fighting him in his own familiar territory out West, he'd have won in a breeze. I explained to him before the

continued

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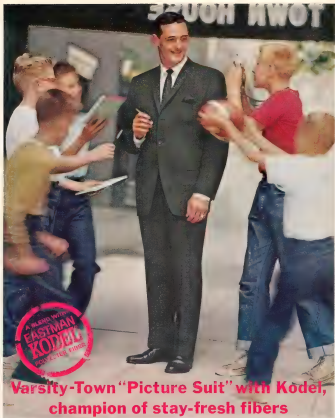
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fight, "Harry, here's a case where you're safer being close to danger than out in the open. If you stand close and lean in about two inches, all his wild swings will go around your neck. And don't grab him in the clinches. He's too strong. Let him grab you, put your hands beside your chest, and as he reaches around, punch up, up. Those left- and right-hand spears do maddening damage inside." So in the first round everything went exactly according to plan. Matthews bustled up Marciano pretty good and raised a knob on his eye. When he comes back to the corner I say, "Harry, this guy's a soft touch. Now you know the way to fight him, Harry, you've proved it already, now just get out there and stay close; don't get scared and pull back or you'll get in the path of one of those wild swings."

"Matthews went out for the second round and all of a sudden he breaks out of a clinch, and he realizes he's fighting in Yankee Stadium in front of all those people, and he just gets frozen with fear. The guy threw a cuffing left at him and Matthews leaned back, and it hit him right on the bad chin. There was nothing on the punch, but Matthews leaned back, stared to death, and the fellow threw a second cuff and Matthews couldn't move. He couldn't stay close all night, but he leaned back and he got hit and he got knocked out. Let me tell you, it's a long way from that ring to the dressing room at Yankee Stadium, and all the way back people are saying, 'Where's your great fighter now, Hurley?' and there I am bending in your shoes."

The Marciano debacle would have showed many a fighter into limbo, which is probably where Matthews belonged anyway, but Hurley set about rebuilding "the athlete" into a card, and soon succeeded in getting him a Seattle fight with British Empire Heavyweight Champion Don Cockell. Matthews lost the decision, but a rematch was scheduled in London. Hurley began talking as soon as his feet touched British soil, and the press was goggle-eyed. "Cockell is the best heavyweight you've ever sent to America," Hurley announced, knowing full well that no sportswriter in England could resist prying this line. "No Brit-

ish fighter has ever made such an impression on the West Coast, Cockell could beat Marciano on the best day Rocky ever knew. Marciano can't box, he's just a crude swinger. Cockell would be too smart for him. Who has Marciano ever beaten, anyway?"

Said a reporter: "Well, Matthews, for one."

Hurley shot back: "Matthews wasn't beaten by Marciano, he was beaten by Yankee Stadium. He was overawed. He would have beaten Marciano in three rounds if they had fought in Seattle."

The sports pages were full of the fight, although a less important contest could hardly have been imagined. John MacAdam of the *Daily Herald* wrote: "Mr. Hurley can sling words faster than either Cockell or Matthews can sling punches. . . . Hurley convinces you against your will that Matthews is the fighter of the century while you think in your heart he is not." Wrote Noel Joseph in the *News-Chronicle*: "Personally, I feel Cockell must win, but when I hear Hurley talking I feel Matthews has atomic power." The result, on a damp, chilly June night, was an attendance of 35,000 and a decision for Cockell. Hurley accepted the purse and the decision with becoming stoicism: "I thought it was a dead even thing. The referee could have given it either way." Matthews and Cockell fought a third time, in Seattle, and Cockell knocked him out. Soon after, Matthews retired; he now has a tavern in Seattle. Hurley came back into boxing's limelight in 1937 when he promoted the never-seen land fight between Pete Rademacher and Floyd Patterson; he has been "between fighters" ever since.

Now he hustles the Northwest for the Harlem Globetrotters, always keeping a weather eye out for a fighter, checking in and out of hotels in Portland and Eugene and Yakima and Spokane, calling on raw young sparrowwriters, many of whom hardly know who he is. For the first time in his life, Hurley finds himself dependent on the kindness of strangers. He has catarrh and faces a choice of a ticklish operation or going blind. He still maintains the old pace, but his poor eyesight keeps him from driving. He must sit around bus stations for hours at a time, or he must plot in advance ways to get from town to town ("Let's see,

there's a press agent in Corvallis who'll take me to Eugene, then maybe I can get that guy in Eugene to run me up to Salem . . ."). But when he gets back home to the Olympic Hotel in Seattle he settles into the familiar routine—eating six meals a day at Von's restaurant and sitting around the hotel talking. He shares with other true boxing professionals a distaste for the sport as it is constituted today. "I hate to live in the past," says Hurley. "I've always tried to avoid that, and I've always hated to hear people arguing that everything in the old days was better, because that's just not true. But it is true about boxing."

Hurley's position is that boxing is brutal and dangerous, always was, always will be. But he does not, like some others, jump to the instant conclusion that the sport must be abolished. Instead, he argues that boxers must be brought along more slowly, must spend years under the loving tutelage of a professional manager and teacher until they know how to protect themselves. "Sure, I got my little brother Hank in a four-rounder when he was 15," Hurley says, "but it was against another kid, and they wore big gloves and there was no way for anybody to get hurt. But with my pro fighters, the guys I was trying to make into real 'cards,' I would school them for a year, sometimes two years, before they would ever have a fight. In those days it was absolutely standard—not only with me, but with all good teachers—to train the kid for the first year without letting him put the gloves on. Then there'd be another six months or a year working out with gloves, and then maybe he'd be ready to fight, or maybe he'd be ready to try something easier."

"Listen, that's the way it had to be. The action is so fast in the ring that a newcomer can't possibly do the right thing. You gotta take this boy and show him in slow motion what to do. When a fighter gets in the ring he's blind for the first three years. By the time his eyes can warn his brain that a left jab is coming, he's already been hit. Until a fighter is governed entirely by instinct, he's no fighter at all."

"Nowadays a kid starts out in the Golden Gloves. So one kid who has had 100 fights goes into the ring against a kid from a little town who has had two

continued

fights. This is not fair, and it is dangerous. More kids have their hearts broken, and they never get a chance to learn anything. Boxing is too brutal and destructive to be allowed on an amateur basis. Young boxers should be put into the hands of professional managers who would not allow them to be hurt or overmatched."

Hurley's reputation as boxing's best teacher is hardly disputed even by his enemies. He not only had a thorough understanding of how to box, but he had a rare, freakish ability to mimic other fighters, and thus was always able to "school" his own properties in how to face each opponent. "I was a natural mimic," Hurley says. "I would watch somebody fight one round, and I could imitate him right down to the last technical thing. I would know how to move my feet, where to apply the leverage, everything. This was automatic to me. I wanted to be a musician, I wanted to be a ballplayer, I wanted to be a whole lot of things, and I couldn't be any of them. But this was the one thing I could do. It just came naturally to me to imitate, and from that to teach. It's like Paul Brown. He wasn't a football player, but he could teach football players."

"Boxing," Hurley says, "is a science, almost an exact science. There are only so many moves. To the average person boxing is very complicated. Now how many things could Sonja Henie do on ice? Maybe four or five things, but she did them with a flourish. It's the same in boxing. There are maybe four basic things to know. If a fighter can be taught to do one thing and do it well, he's a fair fighter. If he can do two, he's a real good fighter. If you can teach him the third move, he'll be the best money-maker in his division."

"My fighters are strictly counterpunchers, yet they don't appear to be. The average counterpuncher is a guy who don't do a damn thing, and if you throw a punch he ducks it and he hits you quick. These guys are agony fighters. They stink the place out, and they never make any money. Now my fighters are agony fighters, too, but they're so polished up nobody notices it. When they're waiting for the right opportunity they appear

busy, they're moving around and making threats; but they're not going to make one aggressive move till the opening comes. I'll show you how it works:

"Billy Petrolle would fight a counterpuncher who would only want you to throw a right hand, and then he would counter perfectly. Other guys would fight this counterpuncher, and their managers would say, 'Don't throw a right hand,' and as a result it would be a sinking fight, wouldn't it? So I said to Petrolle: 'Look, this gentleman is a counterpuncher, and he likes to counter right hands, so oblige him.' Now Petrolle would walk out like he didn't know how to fight, and he'd throw a right hand and the guy would counter. But Petrolle only threw it halfway, and then he would counterpunch the counterpuncher. Now this had never happened before, and the guy don't know what's happening. But soon he catches on that his counterpunches aren't working. So now when Petrolle walks out and throws a right halfway the guy won't counter, and I say to Petrolle back in the corner, 'Look, he don't believe you any more. Show him.' Now Petrolle walks out and throws a hard right and hits the guy smack on the chin. He beats the other fellow at his own game."

"See, the trick is to let your opponent

do what he is capable of doing, make him feel right at home, comfortable and safe, but you are in command all the time because you're deciding just how much to let him show his stuff until he gets confident and you can let him have one. Petrolle always fought that way. He wouldn't get hit square once in 20 fights, but he looked on the brink of danger and disaster at all times. He'd take the other guy's specialty punch, but he'd take it as light as possible and on his own terms, and the other guy would think he's doing very well, and then Petrolle would hit him good."

"That's where amateur fighters are taught wrong right from the start. Amateur coaches teach them fear, look out, be careful. Harry Matthews had been taught all this when he came to me. I said, 'I'm gonna teach you how to survive; that's the most important thing to a fighter, surviving in the ring. It is a terrible place if you don't know what you're doing.'"

Hurley's early advice to the overdefensive but not totally untalented Matthews was almost exactly counter to standard boxing instruction, yet it enabled Matthews—glass chin, powder-puff punches and all—to become at least



END OF THE DREAM FOR MATTHEWS: MARDIAN (RIGHT) CATCHES HIM WITH A LEFT HOOK

a competent fighter and make a stack of money. For hours Hurley talked to the then 28-year-old financial failure. "First off, Harry," he said, "you gotta learn that speed is detrimental. You must get rid of that. If you get in the ring and you start moving fast, you also move that opponent you're trying to hit. You're moving him a little bit faster than yourself in order for him to stay out of the way, so you are hitting at a very fast-moving target. Now if you were out hunting, would you rather shoot at a slow-moving target or a fast-moving, darting target?"

"Now fighters are not supposed to get paid for defending themselves, Harry. In boxing you're supposed to hit and get hit. Fighters think you should never get hit; this is impossible. What you have to learn is to get hit but with the lightest punch the other fellow has, a left jab. All over the country young fighters are being taught how to jab. Now do you want me to teach you how to jab and you'll compete with a guy from Memphis, and you'll jab and he'll jab and you'll make him miss and he'll make you miss, and it's like two old women fighting over the back fence? Nobody gets hit, and nobody is the audience cares what happens."

"I am gonna teach you to be a sensational performer, but I am gonna teach you safety. I will teach you how to get hit with his left jab and maybe another one, and when he throws the third you will hit him two or three or four good punches. Now how long can he trade with you on that basis? You don't have to be a good puncher. You're going to be hitting them on the way in, and that adds 90% to your punch. It's the difference between a push punch and a shock punch."

"Watching you box, Harry, you want to land every left jab you throw. Can't you afford to deliberately waste one now and then like a pitcher that gets ahead of the batter? Then you encourage the other guy, and you set him up."

This is the strategy that enabled Matthews, a man of only average ability, to beat Dunsy Nardico and Rex Layne and Irish Bob Murphy and a long column of others. The Hurley techniques worked over and over. "One night he is fighting a guy who can block left hooks perfectly."

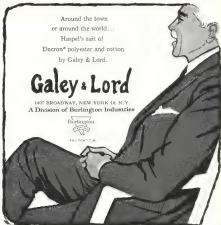
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So Matthews stops throwing the left hook. I say, 'Harry, walk right out there and fall into the trap. Get over there and throw a real sloppy left hook at him. Let him block it, make him happy and self-satisfied and then hit him with a right hand.' This got the necessary results.

"Another time Matthew is lighting a guy that's running all over the joint. He comes back, and he says, 'What am I supposed to do with this guy?' I say, 'It's your own fault, Harry, you're dancing with him. Whenever there's anything wrong in the ring it's your own fault. You're scaring him, moving around so fast. You must not scare him, make him feel secure. Now this round, go out and start to move with him, and when I say "Stop" you stand still. He'll like two or three steps, and he'll stop, too. Now you're not scaring him. Now you walk over to him slowly, and you just start to shuffle your feet. Don't hit him, just feint at him a little bit, see? too strong, and he'll start imitating you. He's glad to get along. Don't jab fast. What do you want to do, score a point like an amateur? Big deal. Just feint at him chestylike. He will right away figure that he can outjab you, and you let him give you a few. Now he feels pretty good, now you feint at him chestylike, and then he gets completely comfortable and you nail him.' That's what happened, and Matthew won easy.

"After a year or so Matthews came to me, and he says, 'You know, you told me Petrolle wouldn't get hit square once in 20 fights, and I didn't believe it. But now that I know what's happening out there, I'm not gonna get hit square once in 30 fights.' And he didn't. Matthews couldn't take a punch, everybody knows that. But he got along, didn't he? So you know he must have learned how not to get hit."

Hurley thinks that television boxing commentators have done more than their fair share in confusing people about boxing techniques. "I hear them say things like 'He's finally got his combinations working,' or 'That was his favorite six-punch combination.' Why, there's no such thing as planned combinations in boxing, and it's ridiculous to imagine

that you could perfect a six- or a seven-punch combination. Sure, there are what you might call 'series of punches,' but they are spontaneous, they just happen. Fighters like Walker and Dempsey and Petrolle, if they would make you miss a punch, they would hit you with three or four good solid punches, but it wouldn't be a 'planned combination.'

"You just can't figure these things that closely. It's not in the nature of the science of boxing. Suppose you're my fighter, and I explain to you what to expect out there and here's what to do, and don't forget to try to use your dazzling seven-punch combination starting with the left jab, and now we get our strategy all planned, haven't we? And this other guy, he comes out and he turns southpaw. Now where's your strategy? No, what you do is you school your fighter so he knows how to cope with any situation that might arise. He's strictly governed according to the opponent's moves. That's where the only strategy is, and it has to happen right in the ring."

One of the troubles with boxing nowadays, according to Hurley, is the dearth of good instructors. "I know everybody in boxing today, and if my life depended on it, I couldn't name you more than six good teachers. In the old days there were hundreds of 'em. They took time and care and patience with their fighters. Why not? They wanted 'em to fight for 10 years, keep bringing in that money. Twenty, 30 years ago there must have been 500 fighters in each division alone, and 50 of those guys were so good you'd have a hell of a time picking the top 10. Why? They were properly taught. They knew their business. They had professional managers. In my book a manager has two duties: first, he's got to train his fighters and match them where they show to the best advantage, and second he's got to assure his fighters' financial independence. These are his jobs: the fighter's job is to get up there in the ring. I hate managers that say, 'We're gonna fight to-and-so,' or 'We fought to-and-so last year.' I never saw no manager up in the ring fighting. The fighter is the fighter; there's no 'we' to it.

"Now when I take a fighter I cut him 50-50 right down the line. There's been



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Lime Juice
and ice thing.

They tell me you
have taste, charm
and perfect form.

So do I? Why,
Gimlet, how gallant!

I just know
we'll get along
swimmingly.

Gin makes an equally tasteful Gimlet.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



a lot of beefing in the press about this. But a good manager is worth every cent of it and more. A manager's money is only worth 20¢ on the dollar. He's surrounded by a bunch of freeloaders always expecting handouts. He's gotta have loyalty around him, and it's a sad fact of life that sometimes you gotta buy loyalty. And you train the fighter and sell the tickets and send out clippings and mail out posters and lick stamps and address envelopes and make up the cards and set up the arena and arrange the fights and entertain the freeloaders, and your fighter winds up a wealthy man and you wind up with nothing. I'm not complaining; I hate complaining. I'm just telling you the facts of the manager's life.

"When Perotile quit, I had a little notebook where I'd enter any amount of money I loaned people over \$50. The under-50s I didn't even keep track of. So three weeks later I had to go into the hospital because I had four ulcers and no money, and I had \$60,000 standing out in my little book, and I sent out eight letters and six telegrams from the Mayo Clinic to guys who owed me \$500 and up. I told them about the operation and how anything they could send me would be appreciated. How much do you think they sent? Not a quarter. How many replies you think I got? Not a one. So I ripped up all the IOUs and started over, and today I got \$75,000 more standing out. My hopes of getting any of it back are not too high. In the fight business you gotta expect this. It's part of the cost of living."

Now does Hurley hold fighters themselves in very high esteem. He once said: "Most fighters are ingrates. There isn't one of them ever had the guts to go through with a deal, which is what a manager does. A good manager can take any mediocre fighter and make a fortune for him. When they are washed up as fighters they are lost, because they don't have the guts to handle the situations their managers used to handle." Now slightly more mollified, he said recently: "People have great respect for fighters. I don't, except for certain fighters like Billy

continued

HAGGAR slacks stay trim and neat with Kodol, champion of stay-fresh fibers

Dick Lynch, N.Y. Giants' football star, knows the neatest defense against wrinkles. Kodol turns in compliment-winning performances in these wash-and-wear slacks. Choice of patterns and plains, in a Burlington Men's Wear blend of 55% Kodol polyester, 45% rayon.

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Can you match these famous beaches with their places in the sun?



Longest coastline in the U.S.A. —that's Florida's 8,436 miles of it, if you count the islands! And there's a Florida beach to match your vacation whim, summer or winter—whether you plan to sunbathe, swim, water-ski, surf-cast, or use the beach as a base for deep-water fishing. See if you can pair these beach pictures with points on the map. Mark letters A, B, C, etc. in the squares. Then compare your answers with the correct ones (upside down, below). And come visit all parts of Florida —in person, this summer.



1 Swim, or sunbathe on beaches that stretch for over 100 palm-fringed miles, from Palm Beach to Miami. Here and in the Keys you can head out to sea for some of the country's best game fishing. Exciting skin-diving, too. Or, as in all Florida, enjoy a pleasure-packed family holiday on a modest budget (especially at low summer rates).



2 How many can drive your car on sands packed firm by the tide and step out for a swim. You're at Daytona Beach, where auto speed records have been set, part of a pretty sloping coast so safe for family bathing. St. Augustine, our country's oldest city, is not far away. Jacksonville is at the entrance to the region.



3 Prefer fresh water beaches? You'll find them in plenty alongside the large lakes in this area that natives call "the big bend" (and some "Swansee River country"). Sportingly clear waters, fed by springs, ideal whether you wish to swim, boat, water-ski, fish? Many rivers and lakes are comparatively unfished.



4 Sea shells by the sea shore—some 350 varieties of them. This shell collector's dream comes true on Sanibel and Captiva, typical of a chain of islands off the beaches from Clearwater to Naples. A region for sightseeing as well as sunbathing, swimming, fishing. Visit St. Petersburg, Tampa, Bradenton, Ringling Museum of Sarasota.



5 Name your fish: pompano, "blue," snappers, snapper, or what you will. Name your kind of fishing: Surf-casting, Tideswaver and deep-sea fishing. You'll find all in the Indian River region. Plus boating on a 100-mile long salt-water lagoon. Plus sunny beaches with a gentle surf just made for carefree family bathing.



6 There are a lot of summer "doings" on the Miracle Strip that stretches from Pensacola to Port St. Joe. Watch colorful boat regattas, exciting water shows (some starring trained porpoises, giant sea turtles). Barge on beaches that have long been favorites of summer visitors from over the Southeast. Modest lodging prices.

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Florida Development Commission
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ANSWER: F-E-B-C-D-A



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diaphragm-shutter-coupled electric eye
and 1/1000th second shutter

New 35mm camera lets you "see" the exact exposure as you sight and focus through the finder. You simply adjust the lens diaphragm or shutter to the exposure needle in the finder is centered—and shoot. Other features include: automatic parallax correction, flash shutter, 1 sec. to 1/1000th and self-timer. Ask your photo dealer about the special low price.

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HURLEY, continued

Let boxing run its own affairs and police its own affairs under a national commissioner who is a boxing man, and everything will work out right. I have been mentioned and it's nice of them to mention me, and I'm not trying to get the job nor will I get it. But somebody should get it, somebody who knows about boxing, not a politician." Hurley's own choice is Cus D'Amato. "He's dead on the level, he's honest, he's qualified, he's fearless. Everything he has done has been done for Patterson. Today Patterson is a wealthy fighter, and Cus doesn't have change for a quarter."

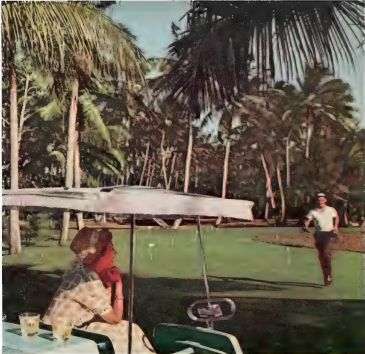
The same may be said of Jack Hurley. He hasn't been able to save any money and probably wouldn't know what to do with it if he had, since he has almost no pleasures "except training fighters; that's the biggest pleasure of all, to take some raw recruit and make him into something." He never takes a vacation. Once friends dragged him into a fish-

ing trip. "I didn't like it, out there in the open," he says, "and when I got back I had to spend four days in a smoke-filled room to adjust myself." Because he can't sleep, he sometimes goes to one of Seattle's six all-night movies. Or he wanders down to a tobacco shop for a few rubbers of auction bridge for small stakes. "I'll tell you how good I am at bridge," he says. "I'm the kind of loser that if he doesn't show up for the game, they send a taxi after me." As a man with few and simple pleasures, he has no fear for the future, no needs which cannot be met, and he confidently expects to finish his days in a veterans' home. "I won't be a burden on anybody," says Hurley, matter-of-factly and without any trace of self-pity. "I'll check in at the home and say, 'Well, I've gone as far as I can go.' I don't think that would be bad at all. I've been to some of those places to show fight movies. Just think about it. All they do it sit around and talk. A man could have a worse future than that."

END

HURLEY EXPLAINS HIS PHILOSOPHICAL ACCEPTANCE OF ONCOMING OLD AGE





JOHN PEGG, OF CHICAGO, ENJOYS A TROPICAL PLEASURE IN THE RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS IN THE PLEASANT PEGG COURSE, WHICH IS IN THE PLEASANT PEGG COURSE, WHICH IS IN THE PLEASANT PEGG COURSE.

"I won John back from his putter—with Rum-on-the-Rocks"

—says Ann Ross, who discovered the magic lure of dry rum in Puerto Rico.

After, you see an amazing photograph. It shows my husband abandoning his putter with a smile.

All it took was the clarion call, "Ready with your Rum-on-the-Rocks!"

John came running, took one sip, and said something I'd heard him say a dozen times since we'd been in Puerto Rico. "Amazing! Just rum, ice, and a bit of lemon. Yet incredibly dry. How in the world do they do it?"

This time I had the answer, thanks to a quiet little chat with the bartender at our hotel. "We distill our rum at extra high proof," he told me. "This makes it extra light and extra dry. Then we age every drop in oak casks—Puerto Rican law requires it."

John took it all very calmly. But now try and get him to pour a Rum-on-the-Rocks from a bottle that isn't labelled Puerto Rican Rum. He turns tiger.

RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS



Pour 1½ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old-Fashioned glass; add twice as much lemon juice. Variation: Add water, soda, or ginger ale—and you have a Rum Splash.

NOTE: New 10-page Rum Recipe Book is color. Write: House of Puerto Rican, Dept. 12-K, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Frank Lane, Kansas City GM, and Charlie Finley, club president, were not pleased with their team (which slipped to seventh) or with each other. When Pitcher Ken Johnson and Norm Bass were to be sent to the minors, Finley intervened and each was given another start. Johnson was his hard, Bass pitched very well. This gave both Lane and Finley something to smile—and growl about. Snapped Lane, "He [Bass] knows as much in 29 minutes as I learned in 29 years." Jackie Jensen wasn't mad at anyone any longer and returned to the **Boston Red Sox**. He had quit because he felt he couldn't hit, run or field any more. In his first game he pitched he could do all three. He won two for two (including a homer), scored from first on a single that was bobbed in the outfield and made a fine back-hand catch. Bill Marburg made the Senators 2-1 and struck out 17, one short of the record. Jim Gentile, Baltimore first baseman, did set a record, hitting two consecutive grand slam home runs against the Twins. "I thought the only way I'd ever get in the record book was by kicking water cooters," Gentile said. Although the Orioles won four of five they gained just half a game on the Detroit Tigers (see page 25), who were no longer regarded as mere upstarts. They not only hit (.279) and pitched well but they were running, too. In one three-game span, the Tigers stole eight bases. Chicago also got good pitching, edging Cleveland 4-2 when Herb Score pitched a two-hitter. Like Score, Cleveland's Gary Bell also won his first game when the Indians came up with their only offensive

threat of the week, scoring six runs in the 11th against the White Sox. With Hector Lopez hitting .154, Roger Maris .125 and Mickey Martini .111, and with the pitchers giving up five runs a game, the New York Yankees barely hung on to second place. Washington didn't get many runs but the pitching (just three runs and 11 hits in four games with Borman) was the best in the majors and the Senators won five, lost three. The **Los Angeles Angels** concluded a successful home stand (27 home runs, eight wins, six losses) then went on the road, did not hit a home run in their first two games and lost them both. The **Minnesota Twins** were still at home and were still hitting home runs (13 in five games). Seven players were injured, and Manager Cookie Lavagetto said his team was "going on gas." Go they did, getting 34 hits and 40 runs while winning three of five.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Eddie Matthews heard strange sounds in the **Minnesota Braves'** infield, learned that Roy McMillan was the culprit. "He not only covers shortstop like a vacuum cleaner, he even sounds like one," Matthews said. "When he throws the ball he wheezes, and when he throws he sneezes." McMillan confessed, "It's the way I breathe when I make a play," he explained. "I may make a sudden move and I exhale air through my teeth." Nine home runs helped the Braves win three of four. The big noise, however, came from the **Los Angeles Dodgers**, who stretched their win streak to six. In the ninth inning of a 5-2 victory over the Phil-



WINNERS IN RELIEF were Ron Fairly (left), Ed Palumbo (Twins), and Dodger, Labeo beat the Reds, Palumbo the Angels.

lies, a boy jumped onto the field. Outfielder Ron Fairly helped him back to his seat by boosting him over the wall, but Fairly gave even more of a lift to his team by driving in five runs in two games. In that 5-2 victory Manager Walt Alton started Jim Gilliam (bating .228 at the time) for Tommy Davis (.330) at third. "I heard it was supposed to rain early," Alton said. "Gilliam makes them get the ball over and maybe he'll get on and we'll get a run or two real quick." Gilliam did get on, he did score, and the game was rained out after five innings and the Dodgers won. The **Philadelphia Phillies** also won—after 10 losses. Art Mahaffey went nine innings for the Phillies for the fifth time and beat the **St. Louis Cardinals**. Ernie Broglio defeated the Phillies 5-1, but that was the team's only win in three tries. While the Cardinals sizzled to stink, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** moved up to third. Bobby Shantz and Clem Laboe pitched free relief and beat Cincinnati's stinky Reds, who had won none in a row. Cincinnati pitchers allowed a paltry 25 runs during their string, then gave up 21 in two games with the Pirates. The only team to stop the Pirates was the **San Francisco Giants** (see page 22). Mike McCormick pitched a three-hitter, and Willie Mays drove in six runs in one game as the Giants split four games. No one pitched or hit very well for the Chicago Cubs and their losing streak stretched to eight.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
2F	Mays	.378	Cincinnati
1A	Moon	.360	T. Davis
3B	Chambers	.360	San Francisco
OF	Paul	.313	Cincinnati
2B	Mathews	.303	Baltimore
SS	Coverstock	.284	Braves
CF	Lander	.281	Braves
PH	Cathion	.311	San Diego

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1B	Bass	.351	Cash
1F	Rupp	.340	St. Louis
2B	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
3B	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
OF	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
SS	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
CF	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
PH	Johnson	.340	Baltimore
1A	Johnson	.340	Baltimore

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
2F	Mays	27	13
1A	Moon	21	14
3B	Chambers	21	14
OF	Paul	18	14
2B	Mathews	18	14
SS	Coverstock	17	14
CF	Lander	17	14
PH	Cathion	17	14
1A	Moon	17	14

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1B	Bass	27	13
1F	Rupp	21	14
2B	Johnson	21	14
3B	Johnson	21	14
OF	Johnson	18	14
SS	Johnson	17	14
CF	Johnson	17	14
PH	Johnson	17	14
1A	Moon	17	14

*Data on the column top may vary from 1960.

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
2F	McGowan	1.41	runs
1A	McGowan	1.52	runs
3B	McGowan	1.52	runs
OF	McGowan	1.52	runs
2B	McGowan	1.52	runs
SS	McGowan	1.52	runs
CF	McGowan	1.52	runs
PH	McGowan	1.52	runs
1A	McGowan	1.52	runs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

2F	McGowan	1.41	runs
1A	McGowan	1.52	runs
3B	McGowan	1.52	runs
OF	McGowan	1.52	runs
2B	McGowan	1.52	runs
SS	McGowan	1.52	runs
CF	McGowan	1.52	runs
PH	McGowan	1.52	runs
1A	McGowan	1.52	runs

Photo of McGowan by George F. Mobley, Jr.

FEET OR TOES ITCH?

WARNING!
Headed Athlete's
lost starts just
hot way. Act
of care

fishing, red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between toes or on the foot and Nystalgia warning of Athlete's Foot. Don't experiment—the danger of it spreading is too great. Use fast-acting Dr. Scholl's SODAPAK. This famous relief shows instant fishing... kills the fungi on contact... promotes rapid healing. Liquid Diatomaceous Powder. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. Get it right now!

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FOR
THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week.

BABYBORN—Three new players were accused by the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation with participating in the fixing of college games. The players, charged with accepting money to throw games, were Amos Marshallman, Sean Norcross and Terry Leitchell, all of North Carolina State. NCBID had at least one man charged with bribery was from Maryland.

REVENUE. In a popular report in Los Angeles, Hollywood's *USA TODAY* L.A. VENTURE of Argentine director Fernando Solanas' controversial 1985 film *El abrazo* (The Embrace) is the only film with a "strong" rating. It's the only Argentine film to make the list, with a flurry of classic studies in the '60s. At the start of the week the 24-year-old Argentine transferred Friday down again, only to have Friday's gross drop 10 percent to \$10,000. The film's box office is still at something close, it is little good. Friday was not and quickly down again under a breaking rig. It was *L'Espresso*'s first K-18 in 16 films.

THE WEEK'S TOP 10. *THE GODFATHER PART II* (K-18) was the most popular film, with a 10 percent increase in nationwide box office over New York's *Grease*. *Grease* took a 10 percent decline in *Saturday*. The release was the best for Los Angeles but was also down in *Grease*.

U.S. winners of the 10 events in the inaugural World Sports Council boxing championships at Fort Dix, N.J. ITALY won three and the UNITED STATES REPUBLIC the other seven. The winners: Abdul Munem El-Ghulady of the U.A.R. (Rwagwag), John Creighton of Delaware, Ohio (Imamawi); Henry Szendvay of U.A.R. (Imamawi); Don Richardson of Kansas City (Eight); Dorothy Daniels of Seattle (Eight); William Pizalla of Italy (Eight); Antonio Marziano of Italy (Eight); Roberto Geronzi of Italy (Eight); George Geronzi of Italy (Eight); John Johnson of Chicago (Fly); John Johnson of Chicago (Fly).

BOBBING BOBBY LITVIN, a left-handed bowler from El Paso, edged out Rich Roberts of Washington, N. Y., to win the first ball in the 1975-1976 PBA seasonal championship in Patuxent, N.J. In their three-game final Low was the first game 205-187. Roberts won the second 218-199 and Low the third 186-181. The 31-year-old Texan collected the first prize of \$13,000.

CHINA **MICHAEL** BUTVIN-NE, Russia's aging grand master, registered his world title in the 11th game of the two-month match against Latvian teen young challenger, VIKTOR K, to whom he lost the title last year. The 46-year-old Russian engineer, who first won the world championship in 1985, was 15 years old.

GRAND—CALIFORNIA, NAVY and CORNELL, the best rowing schools in the country this year, remained unbeaten. California defeated UCLA by 10 of a length on the Oakland Estuary, rowing the 2,000 meters in 3:51.7 for its sixth straight victory.

In the Fast Navy scored their way to the glory and won the Adams Cup on the Charles River in Cambridge by a comfortable margin over Harvard and Penn State. Cornell, despondently rowing down on four heats under Princeton and Yale, nearly won the Carnegie Cup at Princeton by three lengths, covered the 1,500 m in 5:11.6. **BROWN** won the Ding Vredt Trophy, emblematic of supremacy among collegial and secondary rowing teams, for the third straight year. By almost 2 lengths over Auburn at Philadelphia, MIT won its third victory in four years, beat Dartmouth and Princeton at Madison.

BYRON—BOB HESCHEL of CCNY survived a spill to win the National Intercollegiate Rowing championship near New Haven. Fricker pedaled the 500 meter in 2:10.15, finished three feet in front of Walter Geyer of Furman University.

WALK J007131: SAUNDERS of Cedarhurst, Ga. came from Ireland with Emigrants' medals on the 10th and 11th holes to win the 140,000 Colonial National Invitation Tournament in Fort Worth, after having Gene Lister double-bogeyed the 11th. See page 211. Hal Huggins, British Open champion, took second with 167, and a tie for 168.

BASEBALL NEWS: BOSTON REDS—AFTER A 15-1-1 record prior to the International Playoffs, the team today made its bow in a row with a 2-1 victory over New Zealand's Pulse. Skip in the \$61,800 Good Time Place at Yonkers. Ray Rayford was third. With Ben Alley in the valley, the Eyepatch American theme song, around a 1:10, under, on 7:30.

SENSE RACING HITTING AWAY (3:48.1, a Presque Isle eligible, took the lead soon after the start and led all the way to win the \$10,000 Wilkes-

Mile to Agony: In 414, lengths over 1½ Sops. The Ogden Plains only, raised by Scott, Les Fierstons and visited by Shirley Mouchouse, ran the mile over a sloppy track in 1:10⁺, fast enough to take 1/2 of a second off the Waters record.

SAABROOK NAVY special Edson Hughes' home-coming centered, dedicating the Blue Jays 11-5. PRINCETON took first place in the Ivy League when a 5-5 win over Yale. Before the game both teams were tied with three victories each. ARMY won its sixth straight, defeated Syracuse 9-4. In a high-scoring game, BALTIMORE FC overcame the Baltimore Colts 21-17, while the U.S. NAVY OF MARYLAND defeated Maryland FC 16-0.

[illegible]

TENNIS RANCHO GONZALEZ poured millions he is still the world's best known player by really taking his seventh consecutive World Pro championship. His victory this time was Spain's young Andreu Gimeno. Out of their unbeaten 26-career match Gonzales won a \$100,000 prize and a \$10,000 bonus.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING—It was a major's duty at the WEST COAST RELAYS in Pomona, Calif. In the final-mile relay the University of Denver, anchored by a 4:00.0 mile split, was 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and of 16 28.5- to 23.2-second class off the old mark. Victor Rippey opened with a 4:08.0 mile. George Lipton followed at 4:19.7. Then Pomona 4:40.3. Berkeley's anchor was a tough 4:00.3. Later in the relay, the Bruins anchored the Gaynor and Mayne by team with a 4:00.0 mile. The team time of 9:40.0 was just 1.1th of a second off the American record as set in the 1930s by Max Langer. One year later, Stan Smith caught the Bruins in the final mile in 4:05.0. The mile relay team (Doug Smith, Stephen Lusk) set a new U.S. 11.17.5. Southern Cal's Rick Upchurch set a USC record in the 400-meter hurdle in 46.5. Denver bested Texas (last year 11) 200 yards in 1:04. USC won relay changes in 28.4 points.

YALE won 54 points to edge Navy, with 52 points, at the HEPINGDAO GAMES in Philadelphia, for its third straight victory. Most memorable to Maryland's March Magazine in the mile (4:47.1). Brown's Rusty Lane in the two miles (9:05.4) and Cannon's John Murray in the four miles (14:16.75) matched. The University of Maryland won eight points to come in sixth conference. ATLANTA, GA. (AP) — The 1972-73 season was a record-breaking one for the Georgia Tech football team. The team, coached by Coach Bobby Dodd, won the national championship in 1972 and 1973. The team's record was 11-1-1, and they won the national championship in 1972 and 1973. The team's record was 11-1-1, and they won the national championship in 1972 and 1973.

RALPH HENSTON (top) hit hand at swim review, won all, 100 and 200, and broke record in 100. His record breaks were the breast jump (29 feet 9½ inches), high jump 16 feet 5 (inches), umbrella (118 feet 3 inches) and pole vault (17 feet, for first place tie). Boston also won the high, step and 100 yard 116, 100 yard 1 and 120-yard high and 220-yard low hurdles (17.4, 23 and 23.7). In all, Boston collected

WILFREDT, RONALD, SCOTT DONOVAN, JR.
Basketball coach who built St. Mary's into a national power, to succeed basketball's Carl Dean as assistant trainer of the New York Yankees, who spent most of last year crying inconsolably, as the end of the world.

SOGNED, CARL BRADLEY, 22, after his victory as coach of New York Knickerbockers, is offered greater Bill Sharman of the world champion Boston Celtics.

HOSPITALIZED. FRED CRAWFORD, 28, forward on St. Louis-Cardinals baseball team, with subconjunctiva, one week after his pneumonia. Two boys who fought Crawford with the same player. Both players were transferred to Major Mervyn Bana.

DIED HARRY COATES, 75, track coach at Providence College until 1941, in Providence. Coates started coaching in 1902, was at Villanova and Spring Hall before Providence.

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Bait for St. Peter

Thanks to this smiling nun from Canton, Ohio, many a sinner playing hooky on a Sunday morning may have found admittance to heaven after all. For by skipping church and going fishing, the sinner has helped make it possible for Sister Bernadette and the other nuns of Canton's Sacred Heart Adoration Monastery to build a new convent for their order.

Seeking ways to raise money for this project some years ago, one of the sisters suggested that the order raise and sell red worms as bait to the local fishermen. When the mother superior, appalled at the notion of worms squirming all over

her convent, quashed the idea, the sister suggested there might be even more money in the manufacture of artificial bait.

The mother superior agreed, and the sisters went to work making some sample lures under the guidance of Sister Bernadette, who was once a pretty fair angler. Tested in a convent bathtub, the lures held up fine, and the sisters went into production with what they called St. Peter's Fishing Lures.

In the 18 months since then, St. Peter has brought the nuns some \$8,000 in profits, and a new convent is already under construction in Birmingham, Ala.

Tennis Just Outside the Door

A man who built his own court discovered that any number can play—but not all at the same time

by PARKE CUMMINGS

In 1927 Charles Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris, the Marines were sent to Nicaragua and Al Jolson appeared in the first film play with spoken dialogue. But another event—unnoticed by the newspapers—probably affected my own, and my family's, life more than any of these.

It was the year my father and I finished building the tennis court on our premises in then-rural Westport, Conn. that for 34 years has kept us young, lively and the center of an unendingly interesting social world. Our court was no contractor-and-buildover job, however. When I say we built it, I mean just that. With pick and shovel, wheelbarrow, crowbar, sledge hammer, blisters and (eventually) calluses.

It may lack the glamour of Wimbledon's center court, but soon after it was completed, a neighboring small boy gave it an accolade that we have treasured ever since. "For a home-made court," he observed, "it's pretty good." It is. It is oriented correctly, has stand-back and side room, is well protected from wind and has phenomenal drainage—which means that it is playable on every fair day (and some showery ones) from mid-March to mid-November in a normal season. For an old-fashioned clay court it will do.

Confess that you own a court, and you usually encounter either of two almost diametrically opposite reactions. One is that you are rolling in money. It's true that some modern courts can entail a considerable outlay if you call in a specialist; but when I encounter the brother-you-must-be-loaded reaction, I point out 1) our court was home-built and 2) even if we had hired a contractor, this would have little, if any, bearing on my financial status 34 years

continued

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Homemade Tennis Court *continued*

later. It varies from shaly to precarious.

The other reaction is that, unless your court is the permanent all-weather type, you lead a life of unremitting slavery to keep it in shape. Although this may not be quite so wide of the mark as assumption No. 1, it is still pretty far astray in my case. Of course I do work on it, and sometimes I work hard—particularly when I have to get it in shape after the winter. This calls first for filling in deep footprints that have been imbedded in it during the early-spring muddy season by small children, dogs, cats and other fauna (deer tracks once). Raking, brushing and rolling follow, but six to eight hours of work will suffice to put it in shape—net up and lines marked out.

About now, if you are like most people, you will be asking: "Don't the guests who play on your court offer to work on it?" They do offer to help—on an average of once a week, perhaps. Once or twice is the course of a season someone actually does help. I wish they wouldn't. I have had "helpers" roll the court when it was too maddy. What this does, of course, is to pick up the surface of the court and deposit it on the roller—like rolling snowballs in wet snow. Occasionally someone tries to mark the court. What happens? He fails to locate the marking pegs, which I have placed at all intersections, and marks the lines where he thinks they ought to be. The record, at this writing, is a base line that was 4 feet 7½ inches farther from the net at one corner of the court than the other—achieved by a Ph.D., incidentally.

But our guests do supply abundant help of another kind. They have chipped in and bought a playing net when the old one collapsed, supplied clay for resurfacing. Last season I didn't purchase a single can of balls. I spend far less by having my own court than I would if I joined a club.

Play on our court here can be grouped in three divisions. The first is guest play, in which our family takes no part. Friends and neighboring children are welcome to the court when we aren't playing, and on a long summer day I have seen it in literally constant use from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. The second is family "social" play, as exemplified by a Saturday or Sunday afternoon mixed, with my wife, daughter, or both, and other couples.

The third, and most important—although my wife might disagree—is the hard-core weekend and holiday morning doubles waged by the group of middle-aged males to whom I have already referred. It can, I think, be described as good second-rate, or "club," tennis, considering our age.

Our tennis is marked by ferocious effort, constant needling, occasional bickering, gusty laughter, profanity, every known manner of gamesmanship and a fierce closed-corporation attitude.

If any of our group introduces an outsider, and that outsider fails to hold up his end, he won't repeat the offense in a hurry. First there will be glares and whispered comments. Next comes a pointed effort to avoid getting into the same foursome with the chump. "No, you go ahead, Frank, I'll sit this one out. I'm tired." (The hell he is; he's ruin' to go.) And after the chump departs comes the real chewing-out of the culprit who brought him, explicit in detail and colorful in terminology.

What complicates hard-core tennis here is that our group consists of a pool of about 10 players. It's seldom that all will show up on the same morning, what with out-of-town trips, family obligations and the like, but the chances are that more than four will. We operate on a vague first-come principle, but the ramifications of who shall play in a particular set require the services of a Philadelphia lawyer. (We have two lawyers in our group: a New York lawyer and a Westport lawyer, and they never agree on anything.)

Suppose four of us are playing, and two more men appear. Of course the two new players get into the next set, and the original foursome spin rackets to determine which two shall remain in and which two shall sit out. All well and good, but Al, one of the losers, remarks in a tone of intense self-pity that he may as well be going home because he has an engagement at 11:30 and there wouldn't be time for him to get in and either sit after sitting one out. This, of course, is a hint that if one of the winning racket spinners were a genuine friend he would give up his priority to Al, so that Al wouldn't have to leave with only one lousy set under his belt. The result? If Al gets turned down, he goes home fuming. If he gets his way, his benefactor sits fuming on the sidelines wondering whether Al really has an 11:30 engagement.

It can be more bickersome than that.

continued

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Seven players are on the premises, and three sets have been played. A late arrival, Bill, then appears. Naturally, he plays in the next set, which means that four men will now be sitting out. The set ends, and the foursome get up from the bench, grab their rackets and advance upon the court. But Bill says, wait a minute, hasn't each of the four played at least two sets? (Each has.)

So, points out Bill, if he now sits out, it will mean he has played only one set while these players are on their third. What kind of justice is that? It couldn't happen under Stalin or Trujillo. Sam, one of the players who has been sitting out, narrows his eyes, clears his throat and replies heatedly, "If you play again, that means that one of us will have to sit out two sets in a row. Nobody sits out two sets in a row. What are you, a Hitler or a Batista or something?"

Sitting out, doggy footprints, leaky backstops, broken brush handles—just some of the features of owning your court. And the things guests leave behind. Sweaters, caps, pants (relax: they had shoots on underneath), pipes, watches, books, wallets. Our tennis closet clogs up with them, and my wife periodically threatens to hold an auction. And the phone messages my wife has to relay to the court. "Bill is to pick up a pound of butter and three cans of dog food on the way home." "Al is to call Mr. McGruder in Hollywood."

And the guests' children who want to play on the court or squirt the hose on it. And who get thirsty and come into the house for a drink. And come in for another drink. And then come in to use the john. Causing my helpmate to remark on one occasion, "I don't see why we don't install a pay toilet."

But it's worth it many times over, and I like to think I am developing in my guests the ruggedness that this country needs today. I might not exactly have them under my thumb, but occasionally I like to test their character. I see that our cat gets out on the court and chases bolts in the middle of a hot set. I send strident jazz through the loudspeaker next to the court. Maybe burn a few piles of leaves if the wind is in the right direction to waft smoke across it. I have my fan. By having my own court I can play on it any time I please.

Provided that doesn't mean someone has to sit out two sets in a row, of course.

END



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